

# The People.

SPECIAL EDITION.

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THE  
PUREST SPIRIT MADE

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## LORD CURZON ROUSES FRANCE.

### ANGRY WORDS AFTER HIS SPEECH.

### RESENTMENT AT TALK TO EMPIRE PREMIERS.

### NEW GERMAN CABINET.

### UNPRECEDENTED POWERS DEMANDED BY HERR STRESEMANN.

Lord Curzon's frank Ruhr speech to the Empire leaders at the London Conference has caused a tremendous stir in Paris. French newspapers declare that Lord Curzon's attitude will only have the effect of reviving former controversies.

Yesterday, after a week of sensational political events in Berlin, Herr Stresemann succeeded in forming a new Cabinet, and later announced that it would want powers much larger than those ever before given to a Ministry.

The situation in Germany and the future of our foreign policy are among the more vital problems which the Imperial and Economic Conference in London have before it.

LORD CURZON'S speech, which is given in page 3, has caused deep astonishment in Paris, according to advices yesterday from the French capital.

A reason for this may be that more attention has been paid, up to now, at any rate, to the passages in which the Foreign Secretary dwells on past Anglo-French differences and upholds British disagreement with French policy than to those in which he refers to the future and expresses the hope that the two countries may work together towards a settlement.

This is all the more remarkable, says Reuter, in view of the desire for cordial Franco-British co-operation voiced by the French Press at the time of the famous Baldwin-Poincare interview.

Since that interview up to now the French attitude towards Great Britain has been more friendly than at any time since the Armistice.

The French believed that although the two Premiers had come to no concrete decisions on matters of policy their conversations were very valuable, inasmuch as they were supposed to have resulted in a mutual agreement to bygone by bygones.

#### Poincare's Promises.

Further, that nothing now barred the way to close collaboration in working out a reparations settlement on the basis of Great Britain regarding the Ruhr occupations as a fait accompli, while remaining perfectly free to adhere to their academic disapproval thereof.

French authoritative circles (containing Reuter) are unanimous in holding that France is definitely committed to the Ruhr policy, and apart from other considerations is quite unable to yield to German pressure in the matter without an intolerable loss of prestige.

Another contentious point is that the French Government having consistently proclaimed Great Britain's right to participate in an eventual reparations settlement, Lord Curzon's insistence on that right strikes the French as showing distrust in their good faith.

The "Globe," however, acknowledges that Lord Curzon is perfectly justified in reminding M. Poincare of his promises to review negotiations immediately after the cessation of passive resistance.

#### THE EXTRACTS.

The following are some of the most notable Paris Press comments, quoted by Reuter, on the Curzon speech:

**Figaro.** Mr. Baldwin's statements revealed a original thinker and a sincere friend of France. The speech of Lord Curzon revealed a man embittered by the failure of his policy.

**Matin.** Lord Curzon did not confine himself to expressing opinion at variance with that of the French Government's views on international problems, but employed categorical and offensive expressions. Paris, however, will eventually become accustomed to his intemperate language.

**Gaulois.** This singular speech will cause deep astonishment in France and will not help to smooth out the present difficulties, for the simple reason that Lord

Curzon has committed the fatal mistake of brutally throwing oil on the fire.

#### Petit Parisien.

One will recognise in the speech that somewhat abrupt manner of Lord Curzon. It would not appear as though Lord Curzon's greatest preoccupation is to improve the happy effects of the Prime Minister's intervention.

#### "Pertinax."

"Pertinax," in the "Echo de Paris," expresses the fear that Lord Curzon's speech will arouse again all the controversies of the past.

"We are under no obligations in regard to Lord Curzon," continues "Pertinax," "our reply to his invitation may be summed up in a few words. We shall not discuss a general plan for the settlement of reparations until the programme laid down since Jan. 11 has been completely carried out in the occupied territories, because it is on this programme that we intend to build the foundation of any future settlement."

#### THE GERMAN CABINET.

"GREATER POWERS THAN EVER KNOWN BEFORE."

At the end of a week of sensational political events in Germany, which included the resignation of the Cabinet, Herr Stresemann yesterday got together the following Ministry, says the Exchange:

Chancellor and Foreign Minister: Herr Stresemann (People's Party).

Reconstruction: Herr Schmidt (Socialist).

Finance: Herr Ruther (People's Party).

Agriculture: Herr Koeth (Central Party).

Labour: Herr Brauns (Central Party).

Justice: Herr Radbruch (Socialist).

War: Herr Gieseler (Democrat).

Post Office: Mr. Heide (Central Party).

Transit: Herr Oesser (Democrat).

Occupied Territory: Herr Fuchs (Central Party).

The position of Minister for Food is as yet unfilled.

Herr Stresemann, addressing the Reichstag yesterday afternoon, says the Central News, declared the Reichstag would be asked to renounce their rights for a long time, and to grant the Cabinet powers much greater than had ever been given to a Cabinet before.

Lord Curzon, continued the Chancellor, had richly said that an earlier cessation of passive resistance would have been better.

The Chancellor warned his hearers against having any illusions as to what would follow. He himself was a pessimist for he expected further oppressions. Passive resistance was at an end so far as Germany was concerned, but M. Poincare's measures were not.

Herr Stresemann declared, says Reuter, that the sole possibility of a reparations solution would be in agreement between the Allies on one side and Germany on the other.

Regarding financial reform, the Chancellor said new money must be created and the power of prices taken from the trusts and syndicates.

The Communists protested against rules without Parliament.

#### COLLAPSE IN ST. PAUL'S.

Unknown Man Found in Serious Condition.

A young man whose identity has not yet been established was found yesterday by one of the vergers of St. Paul's Cathedral lying in one of the seats beneath the dome. The man was removed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he was detained. His condition is said to be serious.

It was stated by an official at the cathedral that near where the man was found a bottle containing spirits of salts was discovered.



The landing of Papyrus: the famous horse being led off the "Aquitania" at New York.

### THE PENALTY OF HEROISM.

#### MAN'S PAY STOPPED. AFTER GIVING BLOOD FOR DYING SISTER.

Albert Hawse, of Mossley-road, Ashton-under-Lyne, Manchester, who gave a pint and a half of his blood in a futile effort to save his sick sister, has now had both his unemployment pay and his health insurance pay stopped.

His voluntary submission to the operation has, it is officially stated, placed him outside the scope of the regulations.

The Health and Labour Ministries are being pressed to allow payment of the benefits under the special circumstances of his heroic self-sacrifice and brotherly devotion.

#### SHEEP SAVED BY DOG.

##### DISASTER MITIGATED BY CANINE SAGACITY.

Nothing but the timely warning of the guardian sheep-dog saved the lives of over a hundred sheep when the York to London express dashed into a flock on the main line near Rotherham yesterday.

Of the 130 animals which composed the flock 22 were killed, while the train narrowly escaped derailment.

#### KREISLER'S ESCAPE.

##### LUCKY DELAY SAVES HIM FROM MOTOR SMASH.

The merest fluke of good fortune saved Fritz Kreisler, the world-famous violinist—whose hands are insured for £50,000—from being involved in a motor smash on the occasion of his first concert in England this season.

He was delayed from making the journey by car, and travelled by train; but his manager, Mr. Eric Evenett, and his accompanist were in the motor. Mr. Evenett was seriously injured by flying glass, and the accompanist was taken from the car suffering from shock.

#### SUBURBAN LIGHTS OUT.

##### Another Saturday Night Electricity Failure.

Chiswick had a similar experience last night to that which befell Fulham a fortnight ago, when a number of shops and a cinema was plunged into darkness soon after seven o'clock. Shopkeepers carried on with candles and lamps.

A "star" film had reached one of its most interesting stages at the Cinema Royal when the current driving the machine failed. Another picture palace on the opposite side of the street was unaffected.

The failure, which was confined to part of the Chiswick High-rd. and Turnham Green-terr., was due to a main fuse blowing out. The current was restored after about half an hour.



London. Wind westerly, varying fair to cloudy; visibility good after slight mist; rather mild.  
S.E. England. Wind westerly; showers in places; visibility good; rather mild.  
E. Midlands. Wind westerly; showers in places; visibility good; rather mild.  
S. Wales. Further Outlook.—Uncertain.

### HAMLET FIGHTS THE GHOST.

#### IMITATION OF BECKETT THAT COST 11/6.

"He was trying to emulate Joe Beckett," said P.C. Calloway, when William Power (40), an actor, of Kensington-road, was charged at Lambeth court yesterday with having been drunk and disorderly at Walworth-road.

"Why the vanquished? Why not the victor?" asked Mr. H. G. Rooth, the magistrate.

Witness: There was no one to fight with. He was hitting an imaginary foe. I asked him if he knew Joe Beckett, and he said he had done film work with him.

Accused, who had a badly contused eye, said he had appeared at Drury-lane on and off for 30 years.

Mr. Rooth: In anything from Hamlet upwards, I suppose? Why you should fight with the air I don't know. Why you desire to emulate the gentleman who was somewhat easily vanquished the other day I fail to understand. I think you have been very severely punished. If there had been a referee there I think you would have been counted out.

Accused was fined 1s. and ordered to pay 10s. 6d. doctor's fee.

#### REDDING PIT HOPES.

##### RESCUERS CUTTING THEIR WAY THROUGH.

It was reported last night that there is still hope of more entombed miners being found alive in the flooded Redding Pit, near Falkirk.

The terrible privations of the five men rescued after 10 days' incarceration are graphically described in page 7.

It was reported yesterday morning that the mutilated bodies of more of the entombed miners had been seen by the rescue party.

Meantime, others of the rescue brigade are concentrating their attention on cutting a new road to get into number two section, where it is believed there may be some men yet alive.

The funerals of three of the victims, Frank McGarvie, Michael McKenna, and Andrew Anderson, took place yesterday.

#### TROOPS' ROSELEAF PARADE.

##### Kemal's "Iron Corps" Marches into Constantinople.

Constantinople, Saturday. A brigade of troops of all arms belonging to the "Iron Corps," under the command of Nait I Shukri Pasha, who rode at the head mounted on a white horse, marched through Constantinople to-day amidst scenes of great enthusiasm.

Rose leaves and confetti were showered upon them by the populace. The parade passed off without any untoward incident. A torch procession through the town will take place this evening.—Reuter.

#### CANADA'S JOBS FOR BRITISH.

The Federal Immigration Office reports, says Reuter, that all the British harvesters who returned to Montreal from the West were promptly offered jobs, and that positions await any further arrivals.

#### MR. MCCORMICK'S WEDDING.

Paris, Saturday. Mr. McAlister McCormick, of Chicago, was married this afternoon at the Embassy Church, Paris, to Miss Joan Stevens. Lord and Lady Hastings and a distinguished company were present.—Exchange.

### "HOW I CAME TO LEAVE £30,500."

#### BISHOP EXPLAINS.

##### STARTLING WAR-TIME SERMON RECALLED.

Thirty thousand five hundred pounds, which was the sum left by Dr. J. E. Watts-Ditchfield, first Bishop of Chelmsford, who died last July, evidently seemed to him to be a figure that might make the ungodly scoff.

He, therefore, explained how it was that he died worth so large a fortune. From this it appears that he did not achieve riches, but had them thrust upon him.

"The sum which I am leaving," he says in his will, "is largely the result of insurance effected by a friend on behalf of loved ones for whom I myself could not make provision."

All who knew Dr. Watts-Ditchfield and his great work, will want no explanation. They will agree that whatever he left he was "worth it," for his unselfish, even heroic, work among the poorest in the East End of London.

The Bishop leaves all his property to his wife, "knowing she will carry out my wishes in their entirety as to the disposal finally in charity or otherwise."

During the war he preached a famous sermon at St. Paul's Cathedral. He declared that:—"If we are to win the war quickly we must make the instrument fit for the work. The moral sense of England is blunted because of her refusal to interfere in the Armenian massacres; the increase of Sunday pleasure-seeking and drinking; and the craze for ease—short sermons, short services, etc."

#### FOOTBALLER'S DEATH.

##### COLLAPSE ON FIELD BEFORE THOUSANDS OF SPECTATORS.

A footballer, named Francis, centre-forward of the visiting team in a match between Maidstone United and Sheppey United, at Maidstone, yesterday, was seen to stagger and collapse during a scrimmage after the interval.

He was carried off the field on a stretcher and died 20 minutes later. Francis had previously scored a goal for his side.

The referee continued the game ignorant of the tragedy. A thousand people watched the game.

### MOTOR SMASH ON STEEP PASS.

#### INJURED HOURS IN RAIN.

##### PINNED UNDER CAR.

Another terrible motoring accident happened yesterday on the Patterdale slope of the dangerous and notorious Kirkstone Pass between Ullswater and Windermere.

Two American tourists—mother and daughter—are gravely injured, and their companion and a driver are also hurt, but less seriously.

The injured are: Mrs. Read; Miss Read, her daughter; Miss Barton, Mrs. Read's companion; and Mr. George Baker, the driver. Baker lives at Adam and Eve-mews, Kensington, W.

Owing to the distance from help and the drenching rain, the sufferers were in a dreadful plight for some hours. Miss Read with a severely injured spine, and her mother with severe internal injuries, having to lie in the rain for three hours until an ambulance arrived.

#### UPSIDE DOWN.

The party was travelling from London to York, and had taken a long route through the Lake District. When nearly halfway down the hill, at one of the steepest parts, the brakes of the car failed. Gathering speed, the car ran into the wall on the left side, rebounded and fell, upside down, in the road, crushing Mrs. and Miss Read beneath it, but throwing Miss Barton and the driver clear.

Fortunately Dr. Bradley, of Stafford, and Mr. Benjamin, of London, were motoring near, and they did what was possible. One of them went 'on to Brotherswater for further help.

After some hours the injured were taken to Penrith Cottage Hospital. Miss Barton escaped with slight bruises to the shoulders, and Baker was cut on the head.

It is surprising that there is no telephone in this dangerous road.

#### BOY'S BOW AND ARROW.

After wandering 100 miles in 17 days in the wilderness of Northern Manitoba, a nine-year-old Indian boy was found unharmed by trappers.

He made himself a bow and arrow, with which he shot small game, says Reuter, and in general showed a resourcefulness which old-timers say is amazing in a youth of that age.



## Avoid That Autumn Cold

Chilly mornings, chillier evenings. Now's the time, if you remember, when that autumn cold gets its grip on you and refuses to be shaken off when winter comes.

Just getting into thicker clothes does not make you chill-proof. Your freedom from disease and illness depends chiefly on the clearness and vitality of your blood. This autumn cold of yours is a small enough thing in itself; but it goes to show that your blood-stream is at fault.

Every day the white corpuscles of your blood are fighting a pitched battle with invading germs; this in addition to their other function of keeping your system sweet and clean. Every day millions of them "go under." Every day millions of them must be recruited. If your system is not provided with

sufficient of the vital salts that strengthen the white corpuscles, then reinforcements will not be forthcoming, the invading germs will triumph, and you'll fall ill. You need Kruschen Salts to put and keep you right. As much as will cover a six-pence every morning, tasteless in your breakfast cup of tea, will keep your blood in perfect condition.

It's the little daily dose that does it! Every little pinch of Kruschen contains the six vital salts that are essential to your well-being. And there's the case for Kruschen in a nutshell.

The tiny, tasteless dose sends new, vigorous blood pulsing gloriously through your veins. You are fit to the finger tips with a tingling vitality that is proof against all autumn ills. You can afford to snap your fingers at a regiment of germs.

You buy 9s. 6d. of "that Kruschen feeling" for 1/9. Don't wait for that autumn cold to come. Get a bottle at your chemist's straight away and start the Kruschen habit of health to-morrow.

# Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day.



A 1/9 bottle of Kruschen Salts contains 96 doses—enough for three months—which means good health for less than a farthing a day. The dose prescribed for daily use is "as much as will be on a six-pence" taken in the breakfast cup of tea. Every chemist sells Kruschen. Get a little to-day and start to-morrow.



FOOD HEAVY AS LEAD.

The Remedy for Stomach Trouble.

Chronic sufferers from stomach trouble find that their food becomes a poison, weakening the stomach, forming gas and bloating the body. Under such a condition the blood becomes impure, and poisons spread to the back and other parts of the body. Headaches, heart palpitation, weakness and vertigo appear.

Like other organs of the body, the stomach calls upon the blood for strength to carry on its daily work. It now receives a blood supply loaded with poisons or toxins, with the result that the stomach poisons itself.

When this condition is reached there is one way to remedy it. That is to free the blood from poisons, and by making it rich and pure, give it power to strengthen the stomach.

To accomplish this there is no better remedy than Dr. Williams' pink pills, which owe their fame to the direct manner in which they enrich and revitalize the blood. The rich red blood made by these pills soon begins to show in cheeks and lips, the step is quicker, the eyes brighter, and the good effect is felt in every organ of the body.

Go now to your chemist and ask for Dr. Williams' pink pills, or send 3s. 6d. to address below for a box post free.

FREE. All sufferers from indigestion should write to J. D. Dept., 35, Fitzroy-square, London, for a free copy of diet guide, "What to Eat."—[Adv.]



Clear Your Complexion With Cuticura

Bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water to free the pores of impurities and follow with a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal. They are ideal for the toilet, as is also Cuticura Talcum for powdering and perfuming.

See 12, Talbot St., Dublin, or 24, and 26, F. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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TRENOM'S REMEDIES, Ltd., 30, SOUTH FREDERICK STREET, DUBLIN.

A REAL CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

STARTLING LONDON DISCOVERY Chronic Cases Cured in Six Weeks

FREE GIFT OFFER OF TRIAL SUPPLY

**MR. CHARLES STAFFORD'S** discovery of a real cure for all Rheumatic Afflictions is one of the great events of the present century. Thousands of people who were more or less crippled are now perfectly cured, and able to walk, eat, and sleep as if they never had Rheumatism.

Mr. Stafford wants every reader who has Rheumatism in any form to write direct to him for a free supply of his remarkable remedy. He says: "I shall not be content until every suffering man or woman has proved by remedy to be a thorough cure. I know it will not disappoint even in the most chronic cases. That is why I offer a free supply, posted at my expense, to everyone who is a victim of Rheumatism, Gout, or any Tric Acid Affliction. It will make you able to move freely without pain and give you a new life full of usefulness and pleasure."

Now send at once for this free gift. Suffer not a minute longer than you are forced to today is yours for asking. Write a postcard to Mr. Charles Stafford (Dept. P. 1), 150, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

AWL-U-WANT



AN INSTRUMENT OF T. RIFT

Repair your own Boots, Harness, etc. All ready for use. Price, complete with thread, 2s. 6d. Larger size for heavy work, 4s. 6d. All Leather Goods and Harness, or sent free from "AWL-U-WANT," 41, Castle Street, Long Ann, London, W.C.1.

GRAVES



THE PAWNBROKERS' LAMENT.

GIVING UP BUSINESS. "NOTHING NOW ON WHICH TO RAISE MONEY."

"Half the pawnbrokers' shops in existence before the war are now closed," said a pawnbroker at a meeting of the Newcastle, Gateshead and District Pawnbrokers' Association. No new business had been started in that area in the past ten years.

Inquiries by "The People" in many districts fully confirm the statement. Trade is bad everywhere. Pawnbrokers are alarmed at the number of forfeits, or unredeemed pledges, left on their hands.

Costumes are said to be the most useless things now pawned. One broker recently sent a lot away to auction and obtained prices of 1s. to 1s. 6d. for goods on which he had advanced 10s.

Even jewellery had ceased to sell, and many men were going out of business in spite of the increased profit allowed by law to pawnbrokers to-day.

"We have not taken a penny during the last day or two," said an old and experienced pawnbroker to a representative of "The People."

**GOLD RINGS GONE.**

"The majority of people have no money except to buy necessities, and the tendency in these days is to spend what little money they have got either on pleasure or sport. Beyond those two things the rising generation do not care much about anything, and there are very few people who buy things to-day on which they can raise money in times of need."

"I can remember the time when we had 1,200 people in this shop on a Saturday night, and now we do not keep open at all."

Years ago it was a regular thing for costers' wives to wear stock rings which were made of gold and were very heavy. Frequently one of these rings would be pledged for £4 or £5 to enable the coster to buy his stock-in-trade, and at the end of the day, if he sold out, he would redeem the ring.

In the West End of London the articles pawned are chiefly jewellery, plate and superfluous ornaments. In the poorer districts the goods are principally articles of clothing."

BLIND MEN WALK TO BRIGHTON.

PILOTTED BY MEMBERS OF FAMOUS CLUBS.

Blind men from St. Dunstan's, to the number of thirteen set out yesterday morning at five o'clock in a steady drizzle to walk to Brighton.

Several finished, the winners and times being:—

- h. m. s.
- 1 W. Birch, 1st Life Guards 10 33 2-5
- 2 J. P. Meighan, R.F.A. 11 30 4-3
- 3 J. Ingram, Seaford 11 32 1
- 4 H. Granby, London Regt. 11 32 48
- 5 E. Fairfield, 2nd Canadians 11 34 0-3
- 6 E. Lenderyn, 7th Beds. 11 39 13-5

Guides and coaches were found among members of several well-known walking clubs. Each held a piece of tape, attached at the other end to a competitor's arm.

TORTURED TOOTSIES.

HOW WOMEN FOOT THE BILL OF FASHION.

"I have examined many thousands of women's feet, and I do not hesitate to say that in 50 per cent. of them I have found skeletal defect, either slight or severe, brought about entirely by the outrageous boots and shoes that women wear apparently solely because it is the prevailing mode."

In these emphatic terms Sir Herbert Barker, the famous manipulative surgeon, denounced the prevailing fashions in an outspoken interview yesterday.

"It seems to me criminal to place a child's perfect little feet into what are nothing more than distorting instruments of torture," he said. "And I should like to see the legislators put a stop to it."

THIEF'S TERRIBLE RECORD.

Prison for Man with More than Fifty Convictions.

"He has a very bad record," said Detective Sergeant Rye, of Thomas Sullivan, an elderly man, charged at Thames Court yesterday under the Prevention of Crimes Act with attempting to pick pockets in Whitechapel.

Accused was caught by Detective Cheney with his hand in a woman's pocket. Prisoner, said the officer, had been convicted for various offences, mainly stealing, more than 50 times, and had served three terms of five years' penal servitude.

Telling Sullivan that he should have thought that his experiences would have taught him to avoid crowds, the magistrate sentenced him to twelve months' hard labour.

WEALTHY WIDOW'S GRIEF.

Drunk to Excess After Her Husband Had Died.

At an inquest yesterday at Folkestone on Mrs. Dora Steele, of Sandgate, the wealthy widow of a Sheffield steel magnate, the woman's housekeeper stated that she found Mrs. Steele dead in a chair. Since her husband's death Mrs. Steele had drunk heavily to banish her grief.

Death was due to heart failure, caused by fatty degeneration, which could have been set up by excessive use of alcohol, and a verdict was returned accordingly.

MOVING TRAIN TRAGEDY.

Mrs. Elsie Wright (39), of Purfleet, Essex, attempted to board a moving train at Barking station, when she slipped between the footboard and the platform.

She sustained terrible injuries, from which she died later in Poplar Hospital.

ANGLER ORPHANS OF A STORM.

TWO HOURS ORDEAL IN SINKING BOAT.

Mr. S. J. Smith, a Portsmouth tramway inspector, and a friend named Lane had a thrilling experience while fishing from a small boat near Spit Fort.

A gale suddenly sprang up and the boat tossed about like a cork.

Efforts to get to the Isle of Wight failed and finally they anchored with the boat shipping water every minute.

One man frantically signalled to the fort, while the other baled out.

At last, after two hours of this experience, the two men were rescued in an exhausted condition by a Gosport cargo boat. Their boat was lost.

CRUELTY OF CAGING BIRDS.

NEW CAMPAIGN TO FIGHT GOING EVIL.

So strong has been the feeling aroused in the minds of the public by recent revelations of the widespread cruelty to birds that at a special conference held at the headquarters of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, it was decided to launch a new campaign in the interests of suffering feathered songsters.

The scope of the campaign was explained to a representative of "The People" by the Chief Secretary of the R.S.P.C.A.

"We want to stop the catching and caging of wild British birds," he said. "We feel that both these practices are cruel and unnecessary. As for caging, it means that birds are kept in artificial surroundings, deprived of their flight, and too often they are kept in tiny wired boxes in most insanitary conditions in the close atmosphere of a small room, and frequently in the dark."

"The new campaign does not refer, of course, to the keeping of cage-bred birds, although we deprecate even this practice."



Entering the Ring A.D. 2000.

LLOYD GEORGE ABROAD.

BRITISH EX-PRIME MINISTER HAS LIVELY TIME IN U.S.A.

Charlie Chaplin paid a visit to Mr. Lloyd George in his box at the "Music Box" revue in New York.

The travelling ex-Premier is having a lively time in America. Battery whistles, ships' sirens, bands playing all sorts of things, including "Yes, We Have No Bananas" and "Rule, Britannia," were amongst the noises that greeted him as he arrived in the Mauritania.

There had been anti-Lloyd George demonstrations, and extra keepers of the peace were sent for. They dispersed a parade of twenty middle-aged women carrying banners denouncing Great Britain.

With his family the ex-Premier (says Reuters) is travelling in a private railway car as guests of Sir Henry Thornton, president of the Canadian National Railway.

A flood of invitations has reached Mr. Lloyd George to go West beyond Winnipeg to Vancouver and the Pacific coast, but his plans in this direction are uncertain. He has now gone to Montreal.

THIS MORNING'S LATEST LINES.

Health Week will begin to-morrow in many centres in the United Kingdom and in the Dominions.

Mr. W. G. Cove, past president of the National Union of Teachers, was adopted as Parliamentary Labour candidate for Wellingborough.

Baron Hayashi, the Japanese Ambassador, will attend a concert next Sunday at the Empire Theatre, Chatham, in aid of the victims of the Japanese earthquake.

**School's 50th Anniversary.**—Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School at Barnet celebrated the 50th anniversary of its foundation yesterday with a service in the Parish Church and other ceremonies.

**After Ten Years.**—Ernest Williams, who stole £50 from a Leamington laundry two years ago, surrendered to Bolton police. He was sentenced at Leamington to six months' hard labour.

**Library as Memorial.**—Lord Crawford and his late wife last night opened a new library at University College, Reading, as a memorial to the late Right Hon. G. W. Palmer, and built and presented by members of his family.

**Model Welfare Centre.**—The first of four model welfare centres in England which are being erected with the aid of grants from the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust will be opened next Saturday at Basingstoke.

**MATHEMATICS CLIPPING.**—The first of four model welfare centres in England which are being erected with the aid of grants from the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust will be opened next Saturday at Basingstoke.

PILOT FLIES FROM HIS "SCHOOL."

HEARTLESS FRAUDS.

PROMISED JOBS TO MEN WHO INVESTED.

"You have induced these poor fellows to part with their all with promises which were false, and specious. Now you must pay," said Sir Herbert Nield, K.C., at Middlesex Sessions yesterday, in passing sentence of 18 months' imprisonment upon Alexander Fraser (34), an air pilot.

Fraser appeared in answer to several indictments charging him with obtaining money by false pretences. The sum involved was nearly £1,000.

Fraser professed to run a school of flying at the Kingsbury Aerodrome, and later at Hendon. He possessed two aeroplanes which were not paid for, and on the representation that the business was a prosperous one, coupled with promises of employment and interest on their money, he induced six men to invest sums varying from £100 to £200 in the business.

The men said that there was little work to do. Their wages were irregularly paid, and their demands for the return of their money were unheeded.

On July 6, it was stated, an aeroplane which had been more or less derelict was made air-worthy, and Fraser flew away, ostensibly to Hendon. Actually he went to the South Coast, and there the machine, in landing, was damaged. Fraser was arrested at Shoreham.

Another branch of Fraser's enterprise was an office in the Haymarket, London. There he sent some of the men to "interview parents who wanted their sons to attend his aviation school."

No parents came, but when the rent was not paid the landlord appeared and they were evicted.

Fraser said he had no intention of defrauding the men, whose attitude, he declared, hindered the success of the school. He alleged that one of the men said he would tamper with the aeroplane so that it would fall and he (Fraser) be killed.

Sir Herbert Nield: Murder in the air.

NOBLESSE DISOBLIGES.

COUNCILLOR PEEK'S CULDSRY LANGUAGE.

"You are a damned liar," said the Earl of Kimberley, the veteran Labour member of the Norfolk County Council, at yesterday's meeting of the Council, in repudiating a criticism by Mr. H. Day, another member.

Lord Kimberley had expressed a view that there should be a polling place at every school, and that inexperienced voters should be conveyed to the poll at the expense of the Government, to which Mr. Day observed that after a debate and division on this subject at the Local Government and election committee Lord Kimberley did not vote.

This drew the anathema of one of the most outspoken of peers.

"You wait till you get outside," added Lord Kimberley, after expressing his opinion of his opponent's veracity, as recorded above. He was obstinate in refusing to withdraw, and the incident closed.

STREET BAND ARRESTED.

Court Appearance after Complaints of "Noise."

Five men, composing a band of street musicians, were remanded on bail at Birmingham yesterday on a charge that, after being requested to desist, they continued to play noisy instruments to the annoyance of residents in Temple-street, Birmingham.

It was stated that there had been numerous complaints about this band, members of which persistently refused to move on when requested. A solicitor occupying rooms in the centre of the city had to shut up his office and go away.

For the defence it was said that the men were trying to earn an honest livelihood.

1912 CLUB AND "THE PEOPLE."

An interesting discussion took place at the 1912 Club (City) last Tuesday on "Individualism as the New Social Order." Mr. A. Buchanan, J.P. (Workers' Educational Council) opened and introduced the discussion. The chairman, Mr. Walter Stotters, J.P., in his remarks urged the members to support "The People," which, he said, was renowned for its sound economics industrial and political. It gave information which was both up-to-date and elevating. Every member should read "The People," said Mr. Stotters.

MERCURY DOWN, COAL UP!

2s. PER TON MORE.

COLD SNAP BRINGS A FLOOD OF ORDERS.

With a drop in temperature there has been a rise in coal prices in London, and incidentally a rush for household fuel. In most cases the increase in cost is 2s. per ton.

The intimation to retail distributors that from October 1 pit-head prices would be increased is the cause given for the upward climb. These pit-head increases varied from 1s. to 3s. per ton. The new prices per ton as compared with the old summer rates are:—

Best selected	New Summer	Price.
Silketones	48/-	52/-
Derby brights	48/-	46/-
Bright house	49/-	46/-
Best kitchen	47/-	44/-
Best nuts	47/-	44/-
Best cobbles	46/-	44/-
Hard cobbles	45/-	41/-
Athen nuts	45/-	41/-
Stove coal	45/-	41/-
Anthracite nuts	38/-	34/-

It is stated that less coal was ordered last summer than for many years past.

A PAUPER'S GRAVE.

PATHEPIC STORY OF MAN WITH-OUT A HOME.

At the inquest at North Middlesex Hospital, Edmonton, yesterday, on John Gage (56), his sister, Mrs. Halford, of Chaplin-rd., Tottenham, said he served 21 years in the Liverpool Regiment, and rejoined at the outbreak of war. He had been a clarinet player, and this had given him "blower's lungs." He became very thin and weak. His service pension was £10 a quarter, and he had been receiving the "dole."

"He lived anywhere," continued the witness, "sometimes in lodging-houses, sometimes in the fields, while sometimes his 'pals' took him in." When he went to "sign on" at the Labour Exchange on September 19 he fainted in the street, and fell, injuring his head.

Medical evidence was that Gage's death was due to general weakness and a debilitated heart, associated with the shock of the fall.

The coroner recorded "Accidental death." The coroner's officer said Gage would have to be buried by the parish, as his relatives had not the means.

CHURCHES BROKEN INTO.

The parish church of Reigate and the church of St. John, Redhill, were broken into in the early hours of yesterday morning. The marauders did considerable damage at both churches by forcing open the vestry and other doors. At St. John's a few shillings were taken from the poor-box.

**Meltis CHOCOLATE Marshmallows**

Are You Troubled by ASTHMA

Is your life a misery owing to attacks of that awful, strangling cough, which torments you day and night? If so, Potter's Asthma Cure is what you want. It gives immediate relief, however great your suffering. A Free Trial of

**POTTER'S Asthma Cure**

is offered to every reader, because we know a practical test is the best argument. It enables you to go about your daily duties in comfort. Wonderful also in bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and other lung troubles. Best remedy for bronchitis of children. Free from opiates, and cannot cause headache or bad after-effects. Obtainable of all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores for 1/6 or post free 1/6 from Potter & Co., Ltd., 60, Arbury Lane, London, E.1.

Smoke Potter's Asthma Cure Cigarettes when out of doors. A Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture and Asthma Cigarettes, together with book "Are you Asthmatic?" will be sent to every reader who encloses 2d. stamp. Write and mention this paper, or Sign this Form to-day and post to address above.

Name..... Address..... The People."

5,000 BALES WARM WINTER BEDDING

DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO YOUR DOOR 35/-

**Stunndous BEDDING Sale!**

**Contents of Sale.**

- One pair Heavy and Warm Winter Blankets. Pretty bordered. Size approximately 71 ft. x 6 ft.
- One pair Pure Lancashire Woven Trawl Blankets. Soft and durable. Size 71 ft. x 6 ft.
- One pair Beautiful Coloured Quilt. Heavy and Warm. Pretty border. For double beds.
- Two Best Quality Pillow Cases. Size 20 x 30.
- One Superior Longcloth Sheet Case. Large size. 20 x 54.
- Two Beautiful White Turkish Towels. Size 16 x 3.
- One pair Waterfall Case-moment Curtains. Pretty trimmed and edged with lace.

**ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE.**

Post your order at once, enclosing 2d. and this wonderful Sale will reach you by return. Cash willingly refunded if you are not delighted with the Goods.

**CASEMENT MANUFACTURING CO. 41, ST. MANCHESTER**



Telegrams: "Pee's," Rand, London.

## BEWARE THE COUGH OR COLD THAT HANGS ON.

If you let a cough or cold get a hold of you at this time of the year, you are simply inviting trouble. Chronic coughs and persistent colds lead to serious lung troubles. You can stop them now with Parmitin, a soothing, efficacious remedy that brings quick and sure relief, even in stubborn cases. This Parmitin treatment is easily prepared at home, and in spite of its small cost there is nothing better for either children or adults.

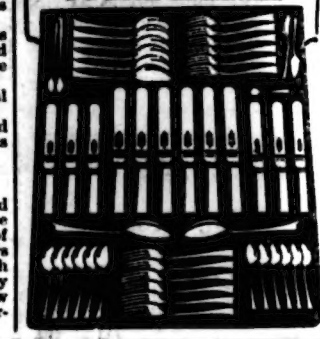
From your chemist get 1oz. of Parmitin (Double Strength), take this home and add to it one half-pint of hot water and four ounces of sugar or two desert-spoonfuls of golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. Take one desert-spoonful four times a day. When double strength Parmitin is taken in this way it clings to your throat as you swallow, and there it spreads itself in a soothing, healing film. Over the sore, inflamed membrane and brings quick relief. It is truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating the throat and loosening and raising the phlegm, and you get a good night's restful sleep.

A real persistent, obstinate, clinging cough will not yield to the old slower-acting remedies, yet thousands testify that Parmitin brought them immediate relief after everything else had failed. Anyone who has coughed all day and all night until they have been unable to get on can appreciate a splendid treatment like this.

## GRAVES

**STANLEY'S**  
GRIMLY TALKING  
GRIMLY TALKING  
GRIMLY TALKING

The famous Stanley's Grimly Talking...  
The famous Stanley's Grimly Talking...  
The famous Stanley's Grimly Talking...



## CHOCOLATE Marshmallows

## led by ASTHMA

cannot cause headache or bad after-effects. Obtainable of all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores for 1/6 or post free 1/6 from Peter & Charles, Ltd., 60, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

A Free Trial of Peter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture and Asthma Cigarettes, together with book "Are you Asthmatic?" will be sent to every reader who encloses 2d. stamp. Write and mention this paper, or Sign this Form to-day and post to address above.

Name.....  
Address.....  
The People."

## Stupendous BEDDING Sale!

**CONTENTS OF SALE.**

One pair Heavy and Warm Winter Blankets. Pretty bordered. Size approximately 7 ft. x 6 ft.

One pair Pure Lancashire Woven Tulle Sheet. Soft and durable. Size 7 ft. x 6 ft.

One Beautiful Coloured Quilt. Heavy and Warm. Pretty borders. For double bed.

Two Best Quality Pillow Cases. Size 20 x 30.

One Superior Length of Dotted Case. Large size. 20 x 54.

Two Beautiful White Turkish Towels. Size 18 x 30.

One pair Waterfall Case. Pretty trimmed and edged with lace.

**ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE.**

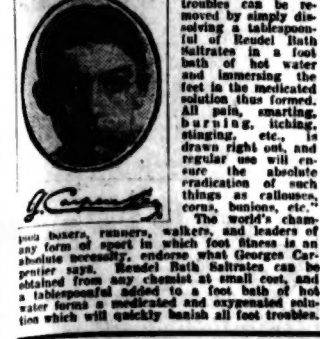
Post your order one, enclosing 2d. and this wonderful Sale will reach you by return.

Cash willingly refunded if you are not delighted with the Goods.

**ING CO. ALUM ST. MANCHESTER**

## Real Foot Comfort and How to Obtain It.

Best good advice by George Carpenter,  
the Waterbury Shoe Champion  
of Europe.



## CONSUMPTION

**Tuberculosis of the Lungs, Throat & Skin.**

Tuberculosis, however, is a valuable booklet may be obtained free of charge, dealing in a comprehensive and practical manner with the various forms of the disease. It is a scientific one, and its action on the disease is fully described. Proof of hundreds of cures, including testimony on oath, upheld by medical evidence, is supplied. The booklet costs nothing. Doctors, dentists, and everyone interested in the above diseases should secure this valuable treatise at once. Send a Postcard to-day for "K" Booklet to: HEDLEY GABRIEL & CO., The Laboratories, West Bridgford, NOTTINGHAM.

## Skin Tortures seen go when Blood is cleansed with

Take it for  
Eczema,  
Scald,  
Pimples,  
Sores &  
Eruptions

**Clarke's  
Blood  
Mixture**

1/- per bottle.  
Six bottles for 5/-  
quantity, 12/-

## Try some now!



## SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE



## MASTERS' CORSIKAN BOOT

**3 MONTHS ALL LEATHER**

There is only one way to ensure the genuine quality of these boots—that is to buy a pair of them from the Boot and Shoe Store, 21, Regent Street, London, W.1.

## GRAVES

**THE BEST VALUE IN THE WORLD**

This is the best value in the world. It is a scientific one, and its action on the disease is fully described. Proof of hundreds of cures, including testimony on oath, upheld by medical evidence, is supplied. The booklet costs nothing. Doctors, dentists, and everyone interested in the above diseases should secure this valuable treatise at once. Send a Postcard to-day for "K" Booklet to: HEDLEY GABRIEL & CO., The Laboratories, West Bridgford, NOTTINGHAM.

## BIG HOTEL RUN BY PRINCESS.

### SURREY BEAUTY SPOT.

### END OF RUSSIAN LADY'S WORLD WANDERINGS.

A princess has taken over a large and modern hotel in the midst of some of England's loveliest scenery—and she declares she "means to make it a success."

She is Princess Valentine Nigerade, a Russian, and has bought, through her father, the Leopold Mansion Hotel, Dorking, Surrey.

Magistrates at Dorking have just granted her a licence as a hotel keeper. They made a condition that an Englishman should be in residence.

Seen by a representative of "The People," who speaks excellent English, told him that owing to the disastrous revolution in her own country, she determined to get a business in England. As a girl she studied for a year in Lady Warwick's Agricultural College. She had had an English governess, and has always loved England.

Coming to this country from France a few months ago, and hearing of the glory of the rhododendrons, then about at their best, she went to Dorking to see them. Her father, who has large financial dealings, went with her. She fell in love with the beautiful mansion and grounds, and, finding it was for sale, her father bought the property for her.

The Princess said she did not believe in leaving the work to others, so she was personally interested herself in the conduct of the hotel.

"In fact," she added, "although I don't know it, it is already a success." She was working for her three children, and hoped to forget the horrors she had witnessed and experienced in Russia.

On the outbreak of the revolution the Princess and her father travelled through Siberia. It was a terrible journey. The foreign missions had supplied them with warm clothing. Food was hard to find, and when they had any they had to hide it, in case those about them told the soldiers they were hoarding.

After great privations they arrived in Japan. Soon after they arrived her son was born. Three years later they went to France, and then decided to settle in England.

The Princess says she is quite happy in England with her children and enjoys her work.

### POISONED AFTER FALL

### GAS FUMES CAUSE FAMOUS DOG BEEBLES' DEATH.

Mrs. Maynard, of Goring-on-Thames, the famous breeder of bull dogs, met a tragic death yesterday. She stumbled on the gas stove and fell unconscious to the ground.

A jet was turned on in her fall, and the unlighted gas poisoned the unconscious woman.

### THE CATCH—BY CHRIS.

"WE must capture Dick Luffey, the great centre-half, from the Holykicks' team, at all costs," said Jim Blott, our secretary, and Beedles, you're the man to do it."

"Right, old top," said I. "I don't know Luffey, but that won't matter much, if you give me a description of him, and where I'm likely to find him up."

"Well," said Jim Blott, "He's a bit of a Bohemian in his way, but he insists, if he even has to go to a fancy dress ball, in wearing his blue flannel suit, with four stars. Some people say he even sleeps in 'em, as they're easier to turn round in than the ordinary pyjamas. Every afternoon he arrives at Parkfield Junction to catch the three twenty-three out for Nowersville. It would be infra dig for us, to approach him personally, so it's up to you, Beedles, to pinch him for the future glory of the Dorchamites."

"I'll go on with a pound extra for refreshments, and just this little document which you must get him to sign."

"He that hesitates generally misses the other man's beer," continued Beedles. "The motto of the Beedles is 'bolt your soup while it's warm.' I was prompt on the platform of Parkfield at three the following day."

"The only other fellow I saw there on my arrival was Digger, the deaf old porter, but he knew nothing."

"At that moment a man snorered on the platform wearing an enormous pair of bags, and an equally enormous amount of stale stubble on his chin."

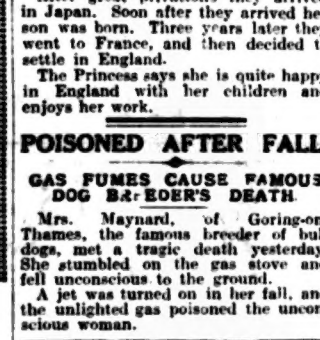
"That's Luffey right enough," and with that I circled round him like a starving schoolboy looking for the only raisin in his weekly ration of 'duff."

"It's a fine day," said I, tipping him the wink.

"He's a bar who says it ain't," he said.

"And old Beedles (that's me) knew you, my old bean, at first sight," I said with a chuckle.

"He turned pale and rolled back the cuff of his sleeve in aggressive manner."



### THE CATCH—BY CHRIS.

"Yes, who could fail to recognise Dick Luffey," I said.

"Dick Luffey," he said wonderingly. Then he stuck his stick on the ground, held out his hand and suddenly said: "Bowled, put it there; come and have a drink at the Railway Arms before the train arrives."

"No," I said. "On this occasion I'll stand all the refreshments."

"What," he said, linking up his arm in mine, "then Dick Luffey will miss all the blithering trains." You wouldn't believe it, but we were in the fond embrace of the Railway Arms—and at the finish, of each other—nearly all the afternoon. After the twenty-fifth malt-wool and he had sung 'Little Brown Jug' four times, and 'Pour out the Rhine Wine, let it flow like a bright and flowing river' six, he affixed his 'moniker' to the document. Then some unpleasantness took place. I don't know exactly what it was all about, but anyway he was thrown out first, and in my hurry to follow I fell over him, and that was the last I saw of my companion."

"I only had a shilling on me when I arrived hot but triumphant at the committee rooms of the Dorchamites. To my surprise I received a most gloomy reception. Thought I, they think I've failed. So I shouted, 'Don't be downhearted, I've bagged him.' Then old Beedles suddenly lifted the minutes book from off the table and gave me a fearful 'swat' over the intelligence box with it. As I sat on the floor trying carefully to think things out, he handed me a marked newspaper and said: 'Read that, you sponge-headed son of a cornerake.' And this is what I read:

"A burglary was committed last night at Bumblebee Villa, the residence of Mr. Richard Luffey, the famous centre-half of the Holykicks Football team. The thief secured an Ingersoll watch, a silver-plated christening stool, and a rustic sugar after Mr. Luffey was unable to give chase as the robber had taken possession of his plus four, which has since caused Mr. Luffey to keep to his bed."



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## SHOP SLANG IN THE WEST END.

### CURIOUS JARGON WHICH MEANS MUCH

The use of a curious sort of price-regulating "back-slang" is now spreading to the West End of London shops. Judge your customer's purse and character quickly and act accordingly appears to be the shopkeeper's motto.

But what if the person who judges is not the person who sells? How is the price, thus fixed, to be communicated to the seller? This is where secret language comes in. If your ears and your attention are sharp, you may often pick up, as you enter a shop, a short exchange of words that sound like so much gibberish.

In a small, but prosperous, greengrocer's shop down a side street near "the mansions," for example, this is the sort of thing that goes on as you enter:

Attendant: What scrip this eve?  
To which the proprietor of the shop replies, after a swift glance at you:—  
Proprietor: Looks ynot; shove no a rennat.

This is, as it were, a text-book example, to show you what goes on. Being interpreted—not very difficult—it means:

Attendant: What price this eve (meaning yourself)?  
Proprietor: Looks tony; shove on a tanner.

"This back-slang has long been in use in Dockland street markets, Covent Garden, and Billingsgate."

There is no precise "grammatical" scheme about it; in some cases words are simply pronounced backwards, in others they are twisted about, as in the case of "empatie" for "empties."

### TOURNAMENTS for Chess and Draughts begin in to-day's issue. Full details in Page 15.

### REDDER TAPE IN STORE.

### CIVIL SERVICE RECRUITS FOR LABOUR PARTY.

A move to bring about the affiliation of the Association of Officers of Taxes—one of the most important of Civil Service professional organizations—with the Labour Party is the subject of important announcements made in the current issue of the Association organ, "The Weekly News."

"At the November Council meeting," says this journal, "the Executive Committee will make its recommendation that a ballot on the clear-cut issue of affiliation to the Labour Party be taken among Political Fund members."

The significance of the italicized passage is that members of the Association who are not also members of the Political Fund will not be involved in the affiliation.

Several Civil Service organisations—including the Union of Post Office Workers and the Civil Service Clerical Union—are already affiliated to the Labour Party.

### RUINOUS POLICY.

On the other hand, we also had to consider our due, and viewing the matter not through the glasses of sentiment, but from a severely practical angle, we regarded with increasing anxiety the prosecution of a policy that seemed to us to be productive of no good results, and to be leading to disaster and ruin.

In my various interviews with the German Ambassador I never failed to impress upon him this point of view and to urge that the duty of his Government was threefold:

(1) To pay their just debts;  
(2) To agree to the fixation of the payments by competent authority;  
(3) To offer specific and adequate guarantees.

Meanwhile, as time passed it became apparent that the German Government could not, even if they desired, persist in the policy of passive resistance; and at length, only a week ago, Herr Stresemann, who had succeeded Dr. Cuno a few weeks earlier, decided to surrender.

I think that this surrender should have been made three months ago, and was unwisely and foolishly postponed.

But I have always been told, and I suspect that it is the truth, that no German Government could at that time have survived which made the surrender.

What, therefore, should be the next step? I have made no concealment of my view in my conversations with the French Ambassador, and it has the approval of the Prime Minister, who recently did so much by his visit to Paris to recreate a friendly atmosphere after the rather heated discharge of the rival guns.

We have repeatedly been assured by the French Government that as soon as passive resistance definitely ceased, the time for discussion between the Allies would have come.

While passive resistance has, as we hoped and desired, been replaced by passive assistance, it may be too much to expect it to be followed all in a flash by enthusiastic co-operation.

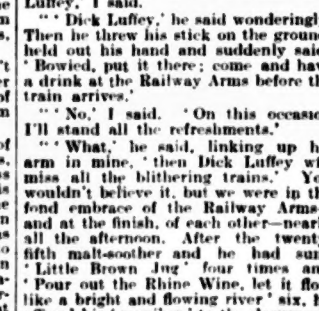
The French Government must, therefore, that we await and expect the next proposals from them.

### SHEEP-WORRYING FINE.

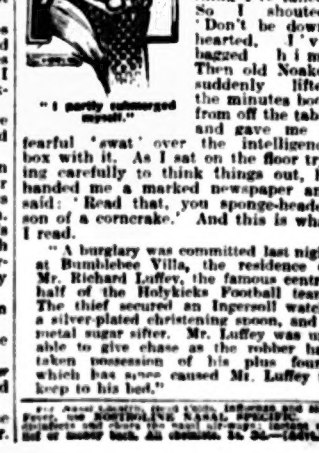
"Sheep worrying in the county has become very serious and must be stopped," said the chairman of the Epping, Essex, Bench, in fining John Treadwell, of Thorowood, Essex, £2 for failing to keep a dog under control.

It was stated that following many complaints the police kept watch and caught the dog worrying sheep at night.

### AWARDED GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS AT FOUR LEADING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.



Use Germolene for  
Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Cuts  
and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, and  
all Itching or Unpleasant Surfaces.



## NOW IT'S UP TO FRANCE!

### BRITAIN AWAITS RUHR PLANS.

### CURZON'S PLAIN HINT.

Lord Curzon, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, at the Imperial Conference, set forth in a speech of three hours' duration British policy in the European deadlock.

"We await and expect from France the next proposals on Reparations," he declared.

Believing that Germany is sincere in exchanging passive assistance for passive resistance, Great Britain is ready to discuss in a friendly spirit the measures that France must have prepared in expectation of Germany's change.

Lord Curzon said:—The British Government have never wavered in the assertion of their broad and general loyalty to the Entente, and more than once have indicated to the French Government that if security rather than, or in addition to, reparations was in their mind, we should at any time be willing to discuss it.

But are we any nearer settlement? Will the reparations payments begin to flow? What is the new form of civil administration or organisation that is to be applied to the Ruhr?

It cannot, I think, be denied that the sanguine expectations with which the Ruhr occupation was entered upon have been largely falsified by the results. The anticipated payments, whether in deliveries of coal and coke or in reparations payments, were presently shown to be not forthcoming.

I am not here to apportion praise or blame between the various parties in the conflict. Our sentimental sympathy would always have been and is with our old and trusted ally. We had not the smallest desire to take the side of Germany, or to let the Germans down easily, or to deprive France of her just due.

### YESTERDAY'S POLICE IN BRIEF.

**Swordswoman's Threat.**—"She drew a sword and said if I set foot over her door-step, she'd put it through me."—Complainant at Willesden.

**On His Dignity.**—"This man is really only a servant," said a defendant at the Marylebone County Court yesterday. "I am not a servant, I am a cat's meat man by profession," was the reply.

**Her Beautiful Name.**—"I advise you to try and live up to your beautiful name," said the magistrate at Willesden to a woman summoned as "Rally Hope" for assault. "But my right name is Cin, derella," retorted defendant.

**Right Up-to-Date.**—When a man was charged at Thames with drunkenness, Mr. Cairns asked the gaoler whether he had been charged at that court before. "Gaoler: Yes, your worship—on March 10, fined 15s.; and on July 16, fined 10s."—Magistrate (promptly): And on October 6, 30s.

**Afraid of the Dark.**—"She said she would like to have five minutes with me in the dark and would murder me," said a woman at Acton in applying for process against a neighbour for threats. Magistrate: Do you go in fear of her?—Applicant: Yes, now that the dark nights are coming along.—Summons granted.

**Trick That Failed.**—Sentence of six weeks' hard labour was passed on a man for attempting to obtain £1 by false pretences from Det. Wm. Moore. Accused pretended to pick up from the gutter a ring, which he offered to the officer as 18-carat gold and a bargain at £1; but the "find" was not gold, but brass.

## YESTERDAY'S POLICE IN BRIEF.

**Broken Melody.**—"Our little jollification can't have made much noise because the gramophone was broken," said a woman defendant at Willesden.

**Wasted Words.**—"She was using abusive language to a deaf and dumb man," said a policeman at Old-st. of a young woman who was bound over on a charge of insulting behaviour.

**His Word of Honour.**—Placing on probation a young man charged at Marylebone with theft, Mr. Basil Watson, K.C., put him on his word of honour that if he felt the drink craving coming upon him he would at once seek the aid of the Court missionary.

**Bullied and Robbed.**—"You, a great big fellow, bullied this little fellow and took away his money. If he had been bigger you wouldn't have dared to have done it." In these terms Mr. Basil Watson, at Marylebone, passed sentence of 14 days' hard labour on Hector Wheeler (23), a baker, for stealing four 10s. notes from Henry Stratford (23), also a baker, and fellow lodger, at the Salvation Army shelter in Burnest-st., Edgware-st.

**Expert Van Thieves.**—Described by the police as expert van thieves, Alfred Fredk. Jones (26), baker, and Joseph Handley (28), labourer, were sentenced at Old-st. to three months' hard labour, charged as suspected persons loitering with felonious intent.—Evidence was that accused were seen acting suspiciously at a warehouse door near a van.—Previous convictions were proved.—A bricklayer, Geo. Franklin (21), charged with them, was remanded.

## The Ideal Time To Get Your Tickets Is NOW £1,000 for 1/-

### RESULTS A FEW WEEKS HENCE

### ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL COMPETITION

THE Competition is simple, interesting, and within the scope of everyone. It affords 25 substantial Prize Opportunities for 1/-, and your subscription will assist in the WAR ON DISEASE now so imperative.

**SINGLE TICKETS - 1/- each**  
Book of 10s to sell to your friends, and ONE FREE TICKET 10/-

THE MANAGER  
ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL FUND,  
25, Hospital Buildings, 25, Tottenham Street, London, W.1

## Back to 20/- AND THE FINEST BARGAIN SARTOR RAINCOATS

THE Famous SARTOR RAINCOAT can now be had for 20/- carriage paid in the British Isles. There is no better value obtainable, and public demand has proved beyond possible doubt that the "SARTOR" represents all that is best in raincoat production. Each garment is perfectly tailored by Experts, and made from a fully-processed Gabardine and lined with a warm, easy cheek lining.

Raincoat-time is approaching, so do not delay.

**SEND NO MONEY.**

First of all write in style book ( Ladies, Gents, Maids and Youths ), and measurement form and FREE PATTERNS. Judge the value offered, and then remember that every coat is guaranteed to give satisfaction or MONEY REFUNDED IN FULL. Why not write now?

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## "ATORA" the good BEEF SUET

is without adulterant or preservative of any kind. Its purity is unquestioned, its wholesome freshness is known to hundreds of thousands of mothers throughout the land, while its nutritive value is reflected in the healthy and sturdy condition of their children.

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Well-tried recipes are always worth having by you, and we invite you to write for our Booklet of nearly 100 tested ways in which our good Beef Suet can be used. Send a post card now.

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## It Soothes & Heals the Baby's Skin

The skin of an infant is very tender—a prey to every kind of germ infection. Germolene soothes and heals eczema, rashes, sores, and tender or inflamed skin surfaces.

**Mrs. Neale's Signed Statement:**

Mrs. Neale, 64, Ellensmere Road, Bow, London, E., says:—"I feel I must write a few lines in praise of your wonderful Germolene. I had four of my children suffering from eczema. The torturing irritation they endured was awful. I tried everything I could hear of, but without result. Germolene succeeded when all else had failed, and soon the children were completely cured. I feel convinced that had I used Germolene at first I would have saved my children much suffering and myself much anxiety and expense."

















## GALLANT FIVE OF THE FLOODED PIT OF REDDING.

### TELLING WAR YARNS IN FACE OF ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH.

#### CHEWED MATCHES AND COAL.

No more thrilling story of pluck and endurance can be found in the splendid history of heroism of the British mines than that of the five survivors of the Redding pit, near Falkirk, which was flooded on September 25.

The wonderful fortitude of the gallant band in face of almost certain death is graphically told below in their own simple stories.

The five men, whose names are John Donaldson (Reddingmuir), James Jack (Redding), John Miller (Falkirk), Robert Ure (Wallaceton), and Andrew Thomson (Reddingmuir), had been ten days in utter darkness, 200 or 300 feet in the bowels of the earth.

They had nothing to eat among them but a half-slice of bread, and nothing to drink but flood water.

Andrew Thomson, whose wife had previously refused to believe her husband had been lost to her and kept the copper fire boiling against his return, said that in making their retreat to the higher workings they had to splash through the water, drenching their clothes, which took two days to dry.

Our lamps remained alight for only two hours after the accident occurred, he said. "With the exception of Ure

A telegram of congratulation on the rescue of the five men was received from the King. The message said:—

The King rejoices to know that the efforts of the rescue parties have been rewarded by the saving of five of the entombed miners. His Majesty congratulates all engaged in this work, and earnestly trusts that their endeavours will meet with further success.

Donaldson, the two oldest men of the party, we took turns to go for water. The water had a brackish taste, but in the end it was quite palatable.

During the nine days we huddled together for warmth, we entertained each other with stories of the trenches in France, and of the things the sergeant-major used to say.

"We prayed a lot and never lost hope from the beginning. We all heard the operations of the rescue parties and afterwards their shots. I knew it was only a matter of time until they were through to us."

#### DARKNESS AWFUL.

John Miller, another of the rescued miners, said that they hardly closed an eye during their entombment. The darkness and silence were, in his words, awful to bear.

To find out whether the water was rising or receding the men placed stones at the edge of the flood. When they examined the place after an hour or so they were horrified to find that the flood had gained by several yards.

Again the edge of the water was marked by a stone. To their relief they discovered on a second visit that the water was drawing away. This indicated that their comrades were at work and might be expected to reach them.

James Jack reported for 41 years in the war and won the Military Medal. His stout spirit and natural humour were unconquered by the darkness of the ten days. He said to the officials of the colliery when he was rescued: "You need not think you have done all the pumping. The five of us have been shifting the water by drinking it."

When thirst began to torment his comrades in the pit and they still feared to drink the mine water, he volunteered to drink first.

"I'll drink it," he said, "and see if it's all right. If I don't survive you'll know it isn't."

He related funny stories and anecdotes all the time the party was entombed, and as the rescued men made their way to the shaft he seized one of the rescue men and facetiously offered to help him out.

The Rev. J. H. Foss, Wesleyan minister at Wallaceton, visited most of the rescued men in their homes. He declared they gave him the impression

of "just being tired out after a hard day's work in the pit."

All idea of time had been lost by the imprisoned men, who were amazed to learn that they had been entombed nine days. By the growth of the hair on his face one of them estimated that the day was Sunday.

When the imprisoned men first heard the shots, which showed the rescue parties were blasting, they began to count by throwing stones into a tin.

They had saved their oil by burning only one lamp at a time, but in the end this gave out, and they were left in darkness.

#### CLOTHING SOAKED.

When asked if they had not suffered badly from hunger, one of the men told the rescue party:—

"We did not worry so much about our stomachs, but were more anxious to get into touch with the rescue party in order to get out of the mine, and see our wives and weans."

"At one time the water was up to our knees, but we managed to grope a way up to the higher workings."

"Our clothing was soaked, but we dried it as best we could, and, as far as we could judge, we had dry suits in about two days."

After the light had failed them and their tobacco had given out, the imprisoned men tried to find solace by chewing the remnant of tobacco in their pipes, their matchboxes, match sticks and pieces of coal.

They explained that this was not because of hunger, but to occupy themselves in some way.

An amazing story was told by Mr. K. H. MacNeill, leader of the rescue operations, and a Fife coal agent.

"We broke through at the stone pit about 2.30 in the morning," he said, "and travelled 70 yards along a low, narrow face and listened."

"To our astonishment we heard knocks. There were ten men belonging to the original rescue party, and we at once called for ten more men, who descended without delay."

#### CRAWLED TO SAFETY.

"Five doctors were in attendance. We cut a hole through quickly, and spoke to somebody on the other side."

"The answer was quite clear, and in a few moments we were through, shaking hands with the five survivors, all of whom were in excellent spirits."

"They told us that it was almost impossible to keep a light going owing to black damp, and they had used all their matches, groping about in the dark."

"About the end of the second day they constantly heard the shots fired by the rescue party, and started to try to locate the sounds. Afterwards they heard other shots, and all shook hands with one another, for they realised that their comrades were making efforts to rescue them."

"When we reached the entombed men some of them immediately asked for cigarettes."

"They were supplied with restoratives, and with blankets and hot water bottles."

"The men, however, were able to crawl the long distance to the shaft bottom."

"They were put one by one into the 'kettle,' raised to the surface, and taken to the little mission hall close to the Gutterhole Shaft."

"The first two men were carried across to the hall, although they were rather indignant at this treatment, feeling that they could walk."

"The third man, John Miller, of Falkirk, absolutely declined to let anyone interfere, and he got across himself."

## FINANCE FOR THE PEOPLE.

### SWEETSTUFF AND LINEN PROFITS—THE BORNEO COMPANY.

#### BY OUR CITY REPRESENTATIVE.

An interesting undertaking little known to the general public is the Borneo Company. This venture was established 67 years ago, but only as recently as the autumn of last year, by making an issue to the public, did its securities begin to be dealt in on the Stock Exchange.

The report for the year ended March 31 last is the first to be published. It shows the modest profit of £44,000 net and 5 per cent. is paid on the Ordinary capital, whereas a year before these shares had to go without a dividend.

Then the company was in the throes of commercial depression, and felt them, as a general trade and agency in the East, pretty badly. But the undertaking is on its feet again, and while the fact that the ordinary capital has been doubled during the past few years will prevent for some time to come at least the distribution of dividends on the grand scale such as was known in the old days, there does appear to be promise in a purchase of the shares. Of these the Ordinary stand at par and the 7 per cent. Preference shares at 1½, giving a flat 6 per cent. The latter have the advantage that they can be converted into Ordinary capital at the option of the holder on a share for share basis until October of 1932. That gives them a decided pull, for in addition to having the first change on the profits for their fixed rate of 7 per cent., holders have the opportunity of changing to the junior capital or not according to the way the profits run during the next nine years. This option may well prove of value.

**DENTAL MANUFACTURING SHARES.** Those on the look-out for a low-priced share with prospects of recovery later on might do worse than turn their attention to those of the Dental Manufacturing Company. This must not be taken as a tip that the shares are going to be run up high all of a sudden. In fact, the company did poorly during the last financial year, showing a loss of £40,000, in contrast with one of £78,700 for the previous twelve months, thus lagging apparently a good deal behind Claudius Ash and De Trey, two other firms in the business, who did a good deal better. Now there is a debit balance of £53,500.

But having said all this, there is another side to the picture that is worth attention. There is a subsidiary company in the United States which has had to have its trading losses provided for, and another in Brazil, which owing to the fall of exchange has been a drain for depreciation on the parent, but these demands should not recur, so that from now onward the business all round should do much better. It is to be noted that stocks have been written down to lowest market values, that important economies should be reflected in the current year's accounts, that the general course of business is better, and that the chance of unfair price cutting has been eliminated through the coming into being of the Association of Dental Manufacturers and Traders. The capital of £375,000 takes the form of Ordinary shares. These, of £1 each, can be bought in the market at 7s. 6d., and are a fair speculative purchase.

**ROBINSON AND CLEVER RESULTS.** The report of Robinson and Clever, the well-known Belfast linen manufacturers, for the year to the end of July last, shows less favourable results than those of the preceding period. The trading profit was only down by £3,038, but taxation absorbed £3,000 more at £15,000, so that the net profit is reduced from £22,132 to £22,132 with a large amount brought in, however, no difficulty is experienced in maintaining the Ordinary dividend at 5 per cent. free of tax, and after again placing £10,000 to reserve, the carry-forward is reduced by about £700 to £33,047.

The Ordinary shares, which are privately held, but the 5 per cent. Preference shares, quoted at 1½, may be recommended as a good commercial investment, yielding 6½ per cent. to the purchaser.

**TEA SHARES HAVE BECOME SLIGHTLY REACTIONARY.** But Rubbers keep firm, although a further increase in the stocks of the community is expected. The demand for Tobacco shares continues unchecked, and prices look like going higher, particularly Imperials and United Souths. Both Brook Bonds and Apin and Barretts announce the distribution of 100 per cent. share bonuses. Oil shares remain out of favour, the Mining markets generally have made a pretty good showing. The Cape has continued to buy Kafirs, and the demand has been further stimulated by the declaration of a number of bumper monthly profits. Chartered have been an active feature on the payment to the company by the Government of £2,500,000. It is hoped that a return of 5s. per share will be made to shareholders.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.** **ENTREPRENEUR.**—The money you have to invest must be spread over 100 shares. Preference, 100 shares, £100. Ordinary, 100 shares, £100. Total, £200. The money you have to invest must be spread over 100 shares. Preference, 100 shares, £100. Ordinary, 100 shares, £100. Total, £200.

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## THE WORKERS' SEARCHLIGHT.

#### BY ANDREW BUCHANAN, J.P.

THE problem of agriculture will have to be viewed from an entirely new angle as the position of our greatest industry is most serious. Town-dwellers will have to face the fact that, as all history proves, the first sign of the decay of a country is the collapse of its agriculture.

Agriculture has, apart from the war period, "carried the baby" for sixty years. The National Farmers' Union have threatened the Government that if something is not done the farmers will look after their own economic interests and the National Council will go by the board.

Why cannot the N.F.U. tell us what accounts for Denmark's wonderful agricultural success, what prevents the U.K. following their example, and what steps are necessary to achieve this object? A Bucks farmer tells us he has laid down 43 acres to pasture and we shall have to pay £244 for the wheat he could have grown; further, that he sold turnips at 23 per ton, which were sold by retailers at 218 13s. 4d.—95 per cent. profit. Another farmer states that 45 per acre can be made on wheat growing.

**PITNEY BROTHERHOOD.** The Pitney Brotherhood, led by their President, Mr. Benjamin Searle, hope to make to-day (their "third campaign Sunday") a red letter day. Every member is expected to bring a friend, and residents in the district have been invited to hear that great Brotherhood stalwart, Mr. F. D. Laphorn, President of the London Brotherhood Federation. All interested should visit the Wesleyan Church, Richmond-rd., at 3 p.m. Brother Searle will not be satisfied until he can boast that "Pitney Points the Way."

**ROUGH ON SHAW.** Mr. Patrick Hastings, K.C., M.P., the Labour Government's probable Attorney-General, recently said: "No one but a lunatic would say that all should share equally." This is a nasty one for George Bernard Shaw, who told us that "Socialism is an equal division of a country's income between every person in that country irrespective of age, sex, character or of class." If the Great G.B.S. is in

the Labour Cabinet the meetings will be anything but "tranquil" when Patrick and George get together.

**A BIRD'S EYE VIEW.** Here is a table which shows at a glance Great Britain's economic position to-day:

Cost of Living (1924 = 100) 1921 1922 1923  
Wholesale Price Index 194 196 198  
Unemployment (Trade Union) 14.3 14.4 14.4  
British Emigrants (Six months) 111,000 75,000 112,000  
Overseas Trade for August (Imports & Exports) £10,000,000 £10,000,000 £10,000,000

**LET'S HAVE IT.** Writing to the editors of Seaboard, Mrs. Sidney Webb, referring to her own and her husband's work, says: "We have already written 20 books and intend writing another half-dozen if we keep our health and strength." I sincerely trust they will be vouchsafed that health and strength. It would be of immense advantage if their next book would deal with the various conceptions of Socialism and "Control of industry" held by the leading members of the Labour Party, S.D.P. and I.L.P. One of these contradictory conceptions appears above.

**WHO'S ROUSED?** I listened to a Socialist the other morning who informed a large audience that the worker was robbed of two-thirds of what he produced. I looked up the balance sheet of the Midland Railway for last year and find that the net income was £2,594,000, of which £1,000,000 was placed to the credit of the shareholders, leaving £1,594,000 for 1913 was £2,593,000 and £1,593,000 for 1922, an increase of 123 per cent. Not much semblance of the two-thirds our Socialist friend spoke about.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.** **A. BIRNEY (Barnes).**—Have written you before. The date of the "Workers' Weekly" was Aug. 31. Your newspaper could get you only, write Mr. G. F. Taylor, 100, Cannon St., London, E.C. 4. The price is 6d. Write "Workers' Weekly" for copy and no need to specify which industry you refer to.

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"People" readers are now offered the newest designs at prices greatly reduced from last year's. Here is a floor-covering you can procure at once to beautify your home, and pay for the Lino as you enjoy its benefits by means of our Credit Account plan. Is not that a boon to you people who want your home to look its best at

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3yds £1:15:3 a/c  
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## 42 YEARS' LOYALTY.

### READERS WHO HAVE NEVER MISSED AN ISSUE.

Remarkable records are held by some of the vast army of readers who have taken "The People" every Sunday during the 42 years of its existence.

Councillor Alfred O. Weeks, of Alghero, Lewisham, S.E., writes:—"I have purchased 'The People' from the first issue and have been supplied by the same firm of newsagents for the whole of the period."

Mr. W. Chaplin, of Havant-st., Portsmouth, has had "The People" delivered at the same address throughout the 42 years.

Another fine record is held by Mr. F. W. Smith, of Wickham-st., Portsmouth, who, although he served with the R.G.A. in Singapore and Ceylon from 1914-22, has never missed a single issue.

Two others who have remained loyal to their favourite journal throughout the 42 years are Mr. Henry F. Lewis, of Brompton-rd., Clapham, S.W., and Mr. W. Hamblin, of Belmont-rd., Epsom.

Mr. R. A. Stevenson, of St. Albans, Herts, Chase, Tiptree, Essex, has been a regular reader (except for a few weeks when changing his residence) since 1882.

Mr. W. Hanney, of Thomas-st., Lincoln, has 35 years to his credit, and Mr. C. R. Dick, of North-square, Dorchester, Dorset, over 30 years' unbroken loyalty.

## CONVICTION QUASHED.

Mr. Justice McCardie, in the Vacation Court quashed the conviction of the Hallam (Sussex) Justices of Walter Ford, who was fined £10 and his licence suspended for six months for being drunk while in charge of a motor-car, it being found that the fine for this offence was null and void.

## EL KAHIRA BLAME.

### MANAGING DIRECTOR FINED 200 GUINEAS.

The findings of the Board of Trade inquiry into the loss of the steamship El Kahira, which disappeared while on a voyage in the Mediterranean, have just been delivered.

Mr. F. Philip Smith, deputy shipping superintendent to the Board of Trade, was found guilty of negligence.

The ship went to sea without a wireless installation, and Mr. Smith was declared to have issued an "A.A." certificate without first informing the proper authorities of this illegality.

The court also found that Mr. Ernest Oliver, manager for the ship's owners, the Trading and Coaling Company, of St. Helen's-place, E.C., was primarily responsible for sending her to sea in an unsafe condition, and ordered him to pay £250 towards the cost of the investigation.

## PANEL DOCTOR FINED.

Refused to Attend Patient Late at Night.

For neglecting to visit a panel patient who sent for him at 11 p.m., a doctor was fined £10 by the Mid-dlesex Insurance Committee.

He was also ordered to pay £7 6s. 6d., the amount of the bill of the doctor who attended the patient.

The doctor pleaded that he learned that the patient had been feeling ill since 5.30 p.m., and that the demand at 11 p.m. for an immediate visit was unreasonable.

## EX-JOCKEY LEAVES THE TURF TO BECOME EXPERT JEWEL CROOK.

### ASSOCIATE OF INTERNATIONAL GANG, AND PARTY TO £40,000 HOTEL COUP.

Once a famous jockey, Herbert Grimshaw, alias Robert Jones (50), was sentenced at Middlesbrough Quarter Sessions to twenty-one months' hard labour for receiving stolen jewellery. He was found not guilty of being an habitual criminal. His companion in crime, Fredk. Johnson (40), was sentenced to eight months' hard labour.

The kaleidoscopic career of Grimshaw, who had ridden winners of the Manchester Handicap and the Liverpool Cup, was outlined by a detective in the witness box, who showed the man to be an expert in jewel thefts, whose chief asset, it was stated in court, was speed.

At the age of 32 Grimshaw had to give up riding as a jockey on account of his increasing weight. After this he became acquainted with a gang of international thieves.

Detective-Inspector Joseph Gillard, of Scotland Yard, gave his record in detail. Grimshaw, he said, was an expert hotel thief and was an associate of international jewel thieves. He had been sentenced to penal servitude for theft of jewellery from London hotels. In November, 1908, he was sentenced to three years' penal servitude and five years' preventive detention for being concerned in the theft of pearls valued at £40,000.

The offence occurred at the Cafe Monico in London while the owner was in the lavatory washing his hands. The pearls, which were in a case, were temporarily placed on a slab in the lavatory, and Grimshaw and another man succeeded in getting away with them. They were, however, subsequently arrested.

**MOVING APEAL.** In an appeal to the jury Grimshaw declared that it was his conviction in connection with the theft of £40,000 worth of pearls that made him notorious. Ever since that he had been in the hands of the police, and it had been frequently brought up against him. "Is it ever going to be wiped out?" he asked.

He asked. He declared that for 32 years he had an unblemished character, and he challenged anybody to say that he was not straight and honest during his racing career.

When his jockey days finished he had no trade. If a jockey was able to make money quickly and keep it he was all right, but if he got heavy and had to retire early he was done. There

were any number of jockeys in the workhouse.

It was further stated that when war broke out Grimshaw was serving a term of five years' preventive detention. He was released to join the Army, and served with distinction for two and a half years.

The story of Grimshaw's latest crime concerned the theft at a Middlesbrough hotel of a woman's handbag containing £50 worth of jewellery.

Two local detectives had traced him to West Hartlepool. Here he boarded a train to Manchester just before the police officers arrived at the station. The detectives obtained a fast motor-car, and set off at top speed to Manchester (about 100 miles) in an attempt to race the train, but their car broke down on the outskirts of Leeds. They telephoned to the Manchester police, who arrested him as he stepped off the train.

Summing up, the Recorder mentioned that the jury would appreciate that prisoner was a clever man, a plausible man, who had a good manner of address, and had made



## THE BURGLAR

as he pockets your valuables, does not stop to think whether you are insured against his depredations.

## FIRE

cannot have scruples as to whether it burns insured property or not.

## ACCIDENT

and

## DEATH

do not happen only to insured persons.

## THINK

about these things, and then consult the

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## THE GOOD OF THE EMPIRE.

If words mean anything—and in this case we believe they do—then the New World has indeed been called in to redress the balance of the old. Mr. Bruce, Prime Minister of Australia, the youngest and, we imagine, one of the most brilliant of Dominion statesmen, on his arrival in London spoke in a manner that must be grateful to the ears of Englishmen.

He is wholeheartedly for the solidarity of the Empire; he sees the problems that face us, and believes that the application of common-sense will solve them. Co-operation is the keystone of his policy, the frank recognition that the Empire must stand together. It has vast undeveloped resources that are complement of each other, and vast populations ready and willing to develop them; we need large markets, and the Empire is itself an almost unlimited market.

Here is the bed rock on which to build an imposing industrial and economic edifice and so restore imperial prosperity. The Mother Country can give the Dominions men in abundance if the conditions are made sound and attractive, and money can be made available also for Dominion development. And the Dominions can take our manufactures which we can supply and they need in ever-growing volume.

The great need is co-operation and a complete system of Preference. England is in Europe and has great interests in Europe; she cannot cut herself off. But what is possible and desirable is that less and less attention should be given to petty and interminable squabbles on this side and more and more of it devoted to the mutual interests of the great imperial family.

In this direction lies the remedy for bad trade and consequent unemployment. Periodic palliatives are no good, we want to get to the root of the economic disease if a radical cure is to be effected. We have not done a tithe of what might be done in Colonial administration. Not till Mr. Chamberlain's time was any real attempt made to rise to the heights of one.

Mr. Massey, Prime Minister of New Zealand, gave a fine lead at the Mansion House in the direction we are advocating, and Mr. Bruce has brilliantly followed it up. This is not a mere question of sentiment. It is a very practical business, and the assembling of the Imperial Conference stimulates our hopes. As Mr. Chamberlain said years ago: "It is only by commercial union and reciprocal preference that you can lay broadly and permanently the foundation of that federation of the Empire which all patriotic Britons look forward to as a brilliant possibility."

## STILL DELAYING.

Any stick is good enough with which to beat a Government, and bad trade with growing unemployment is a pretty substantial stick for the purpose. Mr. J. R. Clynes has made an indifferent use of it in his correspondence with the Minister of

Labour; but his effort is an indication of what we may expect a little later.

The best friends of the Government are among its severest critics, for it is felt that there is too much tranquillity in its policy; its programme is too restricted and the progress too slow. The fourth winter of idleness and suffering threatens to be upon us before a real start is made with the relief measures promised, and no one knows what disastrous sequels may be entailed in consequence.

Sir Montague Barlow promises his statement when Parliament meets, but winter will not wait for the House of Commons, and in the meantime unemployment will go from bad to worse, strengthening the hands of extremists and shaking confidence in the Government. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick—it is bad for ministers and bad for the people, whose great desire is immediate action.

## MY COMING YEAR OF OFFICE.

By MARGARET BONDFIELD.

(In an Interview.)

Miss Margaret Bondfield, who has been elected chairman of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, has given to "The People," an interview, in which her new position and her policy during her year of office, were freely discussed.

I feel very deeply the honour which the movement has done me by electing me to the chair of the general council, she said.

The experience of my first day in the chair has been most encouraging and I have been also very much gratified by the amazing flood of congratulatory messages, sometimes from most unexpected quarters.

Regarding my policy while in the chair, I must first point out that the policy of the council is determined from time to time by the decisions of the governing body, which is the Trades Union Congress.

This year our chief responsibility is to endeavour to rouse the country and the Government to the need for drastic action in relation to unemployment. We are appalled at the inaction of the Government in the face of what may be the greatest disaster in our history.

Those who emigrate are the very fit and proper persons most needed to help maintain our own markets. The young, the untrained, and the unfit are left behind.

We cannot afford to lose our skilled engineers, bricklayers and textile workers. Yet side by side with the policy which is driving these men and women to other countries is a policy of starving our technical education, of closing down continuation classes, and of flooding the factories and workshops with child labour. This is suicidal to our industrial prosperity.

### Broader Outlook.

The Council of the Trades Union Congress is also faced with a period in which industry is undergoing vast changes, and it will bend its mind to the task of fitting the Trade Union structure to enable it to fulfil these newer duties and responsibilities.

There is also a great effort towards intensive education of the membership, not only in matters of trade, but also in world affairs. Our workers have broadened their outlook.

They recognise that the problems of this country are equally the problems of the workers in other industrial countries. They are paying greater attention to the great world problem of agriculture in which this country plays a very sorry part. They are deeply concerned about the great problem of women's labour and the conditions under which the majority of our women work.

Reference is often made to the supposed falling off in the number of trade unionists in this country. Depression of trade has undoubtedly affected the membership of many unions, but I am confident that we have reached bottom and that the tide is on the turn. From every quarter we are receiving more encouraging reports. Even at the lowest point of the slump we were still twice as strong as we were just before the war.

### HOUSE SUBSIDY STORM.

GOVERNMENT CHARGED WITH BREACH OF FAITH.

The gathering storms which menace the Government over certain aspects of their housing policy are, as predicted in "The People" last week, on the verge of breaking.

Exasperation is especially directed against the refusal of the subsidy to dwellings commenced in the faith of official solicitation but prior to the passing of the Act.

On Wednesday the quarterly meeting of the Executive Council of the Rural District Councils Association will be held at the Institute of Civil Engineers in Great George-st., Westminster, when consideration will be given to representations from public bodies in both Lancashire and Staffordshire "calling attention to the injustice which is being caused by the decision of the Ministry of Health that the subsidy should only be given in respect of houses which were commenced after the date the proposals of the Local Authority were approved by the Ministry."

The protests are however common to all parts of the country and, if anything, more in the industrial than in the rural areas.

So far the Government has made no attempt to justify its attitude.

## TALK of the PEOPLE

By WIDEAWAKE.

### The Conference.

Broadly speaking, the difference between International and Imperial Conferences should be the manner of speaking of each. I fear that I may not have made my meaning quite clear. But it is not a fact that the participants in an International Conference are well advised to have left unsaid many things they might have said, whilst the delegates to an Imperial Conference are only erring when they do not speak their minds? Let us have plenty of candour during the present Conference.

### Imperial Outlook.

Questions of transport, wireless and even emigration are comparatively small matters. If we get a clearly-defined economic policy and arrive at a truly Imperial outlook on foreign affairs, the distinguished Dominion delegates will not have travelled to the Old Country in vain.

### For Sick Children.

Among the most important functions of the autumn season will be the ball in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children on November 15. This will be held at Grosvenor House, which the Duke of Westminster is lending for the occasion. Interest in the function will be heightened by the fact that the Prince of Wales has promised to attend. Tickets may be obtained from the financial secretary at the hospital, and a number of distinguished people have already taken them.

Among the foremost being the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Wemyss, Lady Strathcona, Mrs. Charles Rothschild, and many others. Lord Wemyss is chairman of the hospital.

**Unemployment Scheme.**  
The hint which I gave last week as to the importance of the scheme evolved by Col. W. Grant Morden, M.P., for the relief of unemployment has been quickly realised by the public. To everyone, whether he or she be in or out of work, the subject is so important that any suggestion of a practical scheme is a veritable blessing. Your business man is not always such a fool as the professional politician would have us believe.

**Actions v. Words.**  
There is a long list of political engagements for the autumn, in which prominent leaders of all parties, except the National Liberals, are to pour forth their wisdom for the benefit of spell-bound audiences. I cannot help thinking that the announcement of a really comprehensive policy for dealing with unemployment would be of more service to the Government than any number of oratorical efforts.

**These Nat. Libs.**  
The campaigning activities of the National Liberals are to be held in check till the return of Mr. Lloyd George from America. From a tactical point of view I dare say the managers of the National Liberal Party are wise in biding their time.

**Golf and "Grouse."**  
I was playing golf the other day, and feeling, as usual, rather peevish and off my game. It served me right for it was a Sunday. I complained pointedly to my caddy of the pair in

front, who kept me back, and the pair behind who hustled me. They aggravated me. I was annoyed with the unevenness of the greens and railed against the worm-casts. My caddy was an excellent fellow and he tried his best to encourage me. "I have always noticed," said he, "that worms and solicitors came out on a golf course a good deal of a Sunday." At once I bethought of the old saying. "It's a wily worm that has no attorney."

### International Polo.

I was talking the other day with Lord Wimborne about the prospects of this country recapturing the International Polo Cup from America. Ivor Guest, as he is better known to his contemporaries, is responsible for the British team which is to visit the States next year. The Americans have shown such good form this season and are so well mounted that our representatives will have their work cut out for them. It must, however, be a comfort to the backers of the British polo enterprise to think that their share of the prize, according to a conservative estimate, will be not less than ten thousand pounds.

### Lady Lonsdale.

Great sympathy is felt for the Countess of Lonsdale who is undergoing a serious illness in a nursing home in Edinburgh. Lady Lonsdale was taken ill very suddenly whilst visiting Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie in Scotland, and had to be taken at once to a nursing home so that an operation might be performed. Lord Lonsdale, who has been besieged with inquiries, is staying at the Royal Hotel in the Scottish capital.

### Memories of Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. William de Landa are also on a visit to that part of the world. Mr. de Landa is the son of an ex-Governor of the Mexican Federal District, and a very good governor too. When revolution succeeded in driving out the aged Mexican President, General Porfirio Diaz, Mr. de Landa and his family went into exile also. It is a sad sight to see Mr. de Landa's country house near Mexico reduced to ruins and overrun with weeds. I believe the present Mexican Government would place no obstacles in the way of the return of Mr. de Landa and his family, but even old war-worn Europe has its charms.

### A Happy Man.

My heartiest congratulations to Lord Winterton on his forthcoming marriage to the daughter of Lord and Lady Nunburnholme. Last week I wrote of him as a successful and happy man. A little bird had whispered to me the real secret of his contentment with all the world, but the little bird had pledged my pen to secrecy.

### A Lowther Wedding.

Talking of weddings, Capt. the Hon. Lancelot Lowther and Miss Feetham are to be married to-morrow afternoon at two o'clock at St. Mark's, North Audley-st. Lady Lonsdale's illness will of course prevent her ladyship attending the ceremony, but if she maintains her steady progress towards recovery Lord Lonsdale hopes to be present at his brother's wedding.

### Enter North Berwick.

Since Deauville, Trouville, Aix-les-Bains and other gay Continental resorts have shed their fashionable visitors, like trees their autumn leaves, cold North Berwick has come into its own. At the present it is crowded with Society exercising itself upon the golf links. Lord and Lady Droghda, after spending a few summer weeks in Sussex, are enjoying the thrill of a cold north-easterly wind.

## The Imperial Conference—Golf and "Grouse"—International Polo.

### Luck of the Theatre.

It is curious that with the many London theatrical successes there should still be many good actors and actresses out of work. Yet I am assured this is the case. "Hassan," "Our Betters," "London Calling," "Good Luck," and "What Money Can Buy" are all excellent, but the results of some other productions are scarcely likely to encourage backers to venture more money. So the prospects of employment in the theatrical world are not too encouraging.

### The Mark of Decay.

How are the mighty fallen, indeed! Not all the glorious victories gained of the Allies can have been so humiliating to the Hun as the sale these days of hundreds of thousands of his beautifully-printed notes, with a face value of thousands of marks, for a paltry penny in the streets of London. Had the Kaiser been led in chains to the Tower it would have meant but the fall of a dynasty. The hawking by street pedlars of German currency is absolute evidence of a nation's collapse.

### Killing the Goose.

It is but just that Germany should feel her position keenly, but it is wise that she should be incapacitated from making proper reparation for the wrong she has done! That is the very point where M. Poincaré and we find ourselves at variance. I was going to say our Government also, but I cannot for the life of me make out what is the view of Mr. Baldwin and his Cabinet upon the subject. Their Notes and their communications seem to hold such very different meanings.

### Echo of the Past.

Lord and Lady Carlisle are doing their best to make Naworth Castle a real centre of Cumbrian society. Naworth, with its old Pele Tower, its lovely court and its charming garden and its beautiful park, is one of the show places of England. What a sad and cruel perpetuation of family strife it was which kept the present Earl, an innocent victim, out of the rights and whole extent of property which should have been his. And the perpetrator of the deed was a so-called Liberal.

### Marie Lloyd.

Today is the anniversary of the passing away of the gifted and warm-hearted Marie Lloyd. Many pathetic memorial notices by her family, including her father and mother, who are still alive, to whom she was much attached have appeared in the professional papers. I do not think that any other variety artiste held such a strong place in the affection of the general public. Only the other week I was spending a few days in the country with a friend who absolutely detests having to come to Town even on a matter of business, who, to my surprise, said he even liked it less now that poor old Marie was no longer with us.

### Broadcasting.

Some of our contemporaries might do well to be a little less cocksure as to the P.M.G.'s ultimate intentions in the matter of broadcasting. I hear he has much more up his sleeve than is at present revealed. He has the power, among other things, to authorise the broadcasting of news. How would this affect the newspapers, I wonder?

### Politics and Cricket.

Congratulations to Mr. G. H. Roberts and Mr. H. D. Swan on being adopted prospective candidates for Norwich. Mr. Roberts was at one time a Labour representative. He earned the distinction of becoming a member of the Privy Council by his service in the war-time Governments. Mr. Swan is President of the Essex County Cricket Club. They seem to like cricketing representatives in Norfolk, for Capt. Michael Falcon is M.P. for the Eastern Division of the county.

## RANDOM RHYMES.

Joe Beckett had a secret punch which roused much curiosity; The Frenchman would be down and out With just one devastating clout Of lightning-like velocity.

The sports assembled round the ring Were not a little curious; Should "Carp" receive Joe's mighty "mit" Upon his jaw, 'twould settle it, And Descamps would be furious.

'Twas whispered "Carp" was in a sweat At merely contemplating it; To me it seemed his cheek went white When he and Joe stood up to fight; "Ha! ha!" thought I, "he's in a fright, 'He'll get the coup-de-grace tonight, 'He's just anticipating it."

I turned to whisper to a friend When someone at my elbow shouted; Once more I turned toward the ring, And saw a most astounding thing— Joe Beckett down and outed!

It seems the secret punch was there, But hadn't been precisely where I had believed it; "Tear 'Carp" who held the magic blow, And hence it came about that Joe Had just received it, And I, with others that I know, Had not perceived it.

## CIGARETTE PAPERS.

FOR AFTER DINNER SMOKING.

By the Lounge.

WHEN Rupprecht, the former Crown Prince of Bavaria, dressed in pre-war general's costume, unveiled a war memorial in Munich, he was loudly applauded by the people. "Long Live King Rupprecht. Long Live the Queen!" they shouted as he passed through the streets.

Bavaria is the natural home of monarchy. Originally Boiarii, the land of the Celtic Boii, conquered by the Romans in the first century, she was ruled for hundreds of years by dukes, at first elective and later hereditary. Otto, Count of Wittelsbach, who became Duke in 1180, was the founder of the present royal house. In 1505 Bavaria became an honest-to-goodness monarchy. Maximilian Joseph II. being created King by Napoleon. In 1870 Bavaria joined the confederation of States known as the German Empire.

The country was an old-fashioned place to live in before Maximilian Joseph II. ascended the throne, granted a constitution in 1818, abolished serfdom and established the right of every man to think for himself in religious matters.

THE announcement that the Middlesex Insurance Committee fined a doctor ten pounds for neglecting to obey a call to a panel patient at eleven o'clock at night, and also decided that he should pay the seven-pounds-and-sixpenny bill of another doctor who was called in, is a timely reminder that a panel doctor is a servant of the public, with obligations as definite as those of a policeman or a member of the fire brigade.

The doctor in question is said to have contended that as the patient had felt ill more than five hours previously, the demand for an immediate visit was unreasonable. On the other hand, the doctor frequently feels unwell without clamouring for medical help. To do so at the first sign of indisposition or a cold in the head would be even more unreasonable.

But the matter goes deeper than this, and it is to be hoped that the action of the Middlesex Committee will do something to bring to a head the widespread dissatisfaction with the whole scheme of national health insurance as at present administered. Well-intentioned, it was not well-invented. Many doctors have so many patients on their panel that it is physically impossible for them to give adequate attention to them all.

Rightly or wrongly, a prejudice against "panel treatment" has grown up among those who should receive its benefits, and also among the people whose money is lumped with the workers' contributions to pay for the scheme. I have known a mistress pay the whole cost of her domestic servant's care, and then, when the girl was ill, send her to the family doctor rather than allow her to go to the panel practitioner.

There is no such prejudice against our great hospitals. Ask the first member of the poorer classes you meet what he or she thinks of them. But then, of course, they are run by private enterprise and supported by private contributions—not by the State.

I AM looking forward with impatience to the publication of a serial story announced by a contemporary, in which, according to an advertisement, "the characters are living, real people. They are the folk one meets."

This is what I have been waiting for since my youth. I am so tired of stories in which figure improbable characters, such as unsympathetic bank managers, plain shorthand typists, with thin figures and rimless pince-nez, women who refuse to sacrifice themselves to save a young leader from a moneylender's grip, and honest stockbrokers who do not keep two or three tables.

I want to read about the ordinary everyday, yes—indeed—my goodness! Megan, genuine Hero that one meets. The sort of fellow who stops a motor-bus with his mug and arm in order to save a poor working man, however, is really the young man of Sir Anstruther FitzBing, from whom she has run away because he will not let her take the pishan name of Miss Attarose in order to disguise her identity in the magazine factory in which she finds work suited to her delicate fingers; and how her spiritual beauty influences the passions of the former Luther Beckhine, whose love is turned to hate by her refusal to accompany him to the Saturday Popular Concert.

And about Sir King, the real-life Chinese chief of the Fung-tai, the Rupert Rollo-Ford, the wretched son of a millionaire marquis; Prince Shou, the noble Russian ballet-producer who discovers Felicia's dormant talent for the marionette and the bands; and Miss chance Sharpe, the silent dancer with the strong jaw and the powerful legs, who discovers who the hero is, until he has arranged for a kick in the stomach from a pet horse, which has been doped by a mad prohibitionist who considers racing immoral.

I'll tell the world I'm going to be a good time reading that serial story!

A friend of mine saw a pleasant and instructive incident in the street last Sunday. He encountered a respectably dressed man accompanied by a small boy.

As they passed the man said to the boy, in a strong Scottish accent, "Then your wee lads, Donald?" "Ay, paw," replied the impudent youth. "Then tak' longer steps, lad!" said his father calmly.



STOP HIM BEFORE HE RINGS THE BELL.



## THE LIGHTNING LOVER OF LEYTON'S OWN STORY.

### BRIDEGROOM'S ESCAPADES CAPPED BY ANOTHER ADVENTURE AT HOME.

#### TENDER MESSAGE TO HIS WIFE.

Mr. Wilfred Fentiman, perhaps better known as "Harold Ray Milner," whose lightning courtship and marriage to a brunette of 19 has been the talk of the country, gave his own story to a representative of "The People" yesterday.

He is staying for the present at his mother's house at Leyton, E., and without undue modesty told in graphic style of the events which led to his love affair and his other adventures.

I knocked at the door of the little house in Grove Green, Leyton, and was admitted into the front parlour to meet Mr. Wilfred Fentiman, whose fame as the lover of Holbeach has echoed through the land.

The scene that met my eyes was one of decided disorder. The carpet was smothered with earth, and the debris of a smashed flower-pot and stand littered the floor.

As I surveyed my surroundings, I was suddenly aware of the door opening, and "Harold Ray Milner" stood



Wilfred Fentiman. The Bride.

before me. Had I expected to see a handsome, well-set figure, my hopes were rudely shattered. Fentiman, as we must call him in Leyton, stands about five feet in height, is thin, and weighs about six stone. There is nothing of the Apollo in his make-up, although he walks with a Byronic limp, and speaks with studied effect, as if reading from a book.

"I am pleased to see you," he said. "I thought you would come."

"I am rather distressed this afternoon," he continued, "because I have been the victim of a brutal assault which would have had serious results were it not for the noble intervention of my mother, who undoubtedly saved my life."

When I was interested in a theatrical company—I am a well-known actor, you know—I was forced to raise capital, and borrowed £20. Unfortunately the affair did not materialise, and I could not return my creditors the money.

**DASH TO RESCUE.**

"However, it was arranged that my local mother should pay him five shillings a week, which offer he accepted. Imagine my surprise, then, when he called to see me this morning, and after I had actually paid him ten shillings, he demanded the whole. I told him quietly that I was unable to oblige."

"With that he seized me by the throat, pinned me against the chair, and made as if to throw the flower-pot at me. Hearing my calls for help, my mother dashed to the rescue," and saved me from certain death.

The great lover sighed and rubbed his hand, which he said had needed bandaging after the visit.

"What are you going to do now?" I asked him.

"My first duty will be to look after my wife," he continued, "and to settle

up the few small debts standing at Holbeach which have caused these ridiculous rumours. I should say £20 in all would cover my liabilities to the good tradespeople."

"I love my wife, and am just about to send her a telegram which I hope will convey to her the right meaning," Mr. Fentiman produced an exercise book in which he had written a tender message.

"Dearest Wife,—Please forgive all. I adore you still. Am with mother at Leytonstone. I want you in all my troubles.—Your unfortunate hubby, Ray."

"I AM A SMART MAN."

"I think that will fetch her," he said, with all the pride of a true artist. "When I have overcome these troubles I am sure everything will be all right. My wife is a sweet, charming girl, and I was very happy with her both before and after our marriage."

"You want to know the whole truth about the Holbeach affair. Well, really, I am a smart man, and a little too enterprising for the locality. I went on a holiday to Yarmouth, and there saw the advertisement for a partner was £50. I was accepted immediately and paid my money down."

"Being a smart man, as I have said, I set to work to bustle things up a little, and naturally attracted a good deal of attention. 'Who not buy the theatre?' I asked my partner, and immediately I set to work to do so, by means of raising mortgages. Then several rumours went round which it was not my business to stop. Some said I was the disgraced son of a peer, others, who had seen me act, that my father was a famous actor, and one and all thought I had plenty of money."

"I should have succeeded in making the theatre a success if I had not fallen in love with my charming bride, who was taken with me immediately we met."

"There is a romantic story in our courtship which I cannot tell now, as I shall be writing the story of my life, which is packed full of adventure. 'I have never taken much notice of women, but when I became engaged I carried out my promise in spite of financial difficulties. I am sure everyone will agree that I did my best.'

**LAST EIGHTEENPENCE**

"I never said that I was to inherit £100,000, but I wished to borrow money on the strength of my partnership in the theatre."

"Let it be remembered that I am still a director of the theatre, and am entitled to half the takings. I spent my last one-and-sixpence on a wire to my wife at a hotel in Euston-road. I did not run away from her."

"Please do not think I am telling you this out of any pride, but I realise something must be done to put matters right, and it is quite possible we shall live here with my mother, when my wife arrives to-morrow, as I am confident she will. I may return to the stage."

"I should like to add that everyone has been very kind to me, especially the police and the Press. Good-bye. I hope I shall see you again."

## 30 HOURS IN AN OPEN BOAT.

### SHIP ABANDONED. CREW'S EXPERIENCE IN GREAT GALE.

Capt. Gush and two men, the crew of the ketch *Lizzie*, of Fowey, were landed at Newhaven yesterday by a French trawler in an exhausted condition after a terrible experience in an open boat in the Channel for 30 hours during the recent storm.

When sheltering from bad weather under the Isle of Wight the *Lizzie* was struck by a heavy gale and her main sail was blown to ribbons.

The master and crew kept at the pumps in spite of the deck being continually swamped by the heavy seas. The water gained on them, however, and the vessel had to be abandoned.

The crew drifted about, buffeted by the heavy seas, in their only boat, and 30 hours after taking to the boat they saw the French trawler which rescued them.

## HOSPITAL DRAMA.

### EGYPTIAN CHARGED WITH KNIFE ATTACK.

Mahomed Ali, an Egyptian patient at Chartham mental hospital, was charged at Canterbury yesterday with committing a murderous assault on another patient.

Two attendants gave evidence that while at dinner at the "spoon table," accused rushed across to the "knife and fork table," seized a knife and stabbed another patient named Tabrett at the back of the neck. The man's coat collar protected him from injury. Ali attempted to deliver a second blow, but was overpowered and taken to the padded room.

The medical superintendent said accused had made many unprovoked attacks on other people, and the institution was not suitable for his detention.

Ali was committed for trial.



THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH. The Perfect Waitress: Run away, old top, you're pre-war.

## "BOAT OWNER'S" DUPE.

### FOUND HE HAD BEEN "DONE" AFTER ARREST.

Londoners are warned against "sharks" who offer to sell houseboats and motor-boats at South-end and along the Thames coast. These properties do not exist.

These rogues describe to their dupes a certain boat said to be moored on the foreshore. They give a key of a cabin (any key will do) and a receipt for half of the purchase money. The other half is to be paid on completion of the deal. Of course the boat cannot be found. Neither can its "owner" afterwards!

Deception practised on James William Akerman, of Walthamstow, was even more cunning, and, as a result, Akerman found himself in custody, while the real culprit escaped.

Akerman, when charged at Southend with the theft of a motor boat from a creek near Benfleet, told the Bench that a man he met in town sold him a boat called *Silver Queen* and gave him the key of the cabin. He also described the craft and its contents.

Akerman went to the creek, found a boat answering the description given him and took it to Leigh.

Later he was charged with its theft. "We do not think you are a thief, but we think you are a fool," said Mr. A. E. Wedd, in discharging him.

"I don't blame you, sir; I think I am too," replied Akerman.

## WHAT IS DESERTION?

### Husband Who Gave His Wife a Week's Notice.

Applying at Willesden Court yesterday for a summons against her husband for alleged desertion, a wife said that he gave her a week's notice, and at the expiration of that time he placed his latch key on the table and left the house. He now wanted to come back, but she would not have him.

Clerk: Then you cannot have a summons for desertion, for you refuse to have him back.

Magistrate: You took him for better or worse, and must stick to your vow. Applicant: Never! It's my own home and I'll take good care he never comes back into it.

## POLICE RESERVE MEDALS.

The annual church parade and presentation of medals of the City of London Police Reserve will be held in the Inner Temple Gardens to-day at 3.30 p.m.

In the event of wet weather the ceremony will take place in the Guildhall.

## CRISIS IN POPLAR RATE WAR.

### MINISTER'S WARNING. STEPS TO ESTABLISH A NEW SYSTEM.

Challenge and counter-challenge exchanged between the Minister of Health and Mr. Edgar Lansbury, chairman of the Poplar Guardians, have brought to a crisis a situation which, to follow the hint given by the Minister in a public utterance, may have a sequel almost without precedent in municipal history.

Briefly, Sir William Joynson-Hicks told a deputation from the Poplar, Bow and Bromley Ratepayers' Association that the Guardians were, in effect, challenging the authority of Parliament, and that steps might have to be taken to divest them of their powers of administration in favour of a specially created instrument of local government.

"Any steps I take," he said, "will involve a serious conflict with the Poplar Guardians. It may be a very stern, difficult and long fight."

"If the surcharge of £5,000 is upheld by the courts, I shall not intervene, whatever the consequences to the Council or individual members."

## KEEPING MEN FIT.

Mr. Edgar Lansbury's reply, issued yesterday, reiterated the contention of the Guardians that they were entitled to provide full maintenance at trade union rates for the relief of destitution.

"Wages are settled by arbitrary methods of which the law of supply and demand is one, and take no account of the needs of a family," says Mr. Lansbury. "As a board of guardians we have to fix such relief as will not merely relieve destitution, but keep members of a family fit, so that when work comes to them they may be physically able to take it."

"Because a man who is in work must starve on the miserable sweated pittance of the wage he draws, there is no reason why workers who are workless through no fault of their own should starve on the relief laid down by the Government. Instead of breaking the law in Poplar we have prevented a crime, and we are not ashamed of our way in which we have administered our out-door relief."

"As for the threat of the Minister of Health, we remain unrepentant."

On Tuesday the Minister of Health is to receive a deputation from the London Labour Party with regard to London Poor Law organisation.

## REVIVAL FLAMES LIT BY GIRL.

### 17-YEAR-OLD BRUNETTE'S PULPIT SUCCESS.

Three 17-year-old girls, of Nottingham, are conducting a religious revival in the lace city, and converts are kneeling every night at Forest-rd. Primitive Methodist Chapel.

The leader of the mission is Miss Ida Wombell, a pretty brunette, whose inspired preaching has caused a sensation. Amid the Goose Fair carnival yesterday this girl evangelist led a crusade to win girls from the city streets.

## FREE BEER: 6 PINTS.

## BREWERY WORKER CALLS IT "FAIR-ISH" ALLOWANCE.

Fifty-six pints of beer a day between nine men, or a trifle over six pints for each man, was stated yesterday at a Steepney inquest to be the allowance at an East-End brewery.

Dr. Guthrie, the coroner, was inquiring into the death of Isaac, otherwise William, Bird (47), who died, as it proved, from natural causes after a fall. Bird was carrying two pairs of beer for the men at the time, and this was split. "A fairish allowance" was the description of the beer given by one of the men.

## HER WEDDING PRESENT!

At Stratford court yesterday, when Albert Beavis (19), of Henley-rd., Ilford, summoned for desertion, was ordered to pay his wife £1 10s. a week for the maintenance of herself and her child, complainant stated that they were married last April and defendant had only given her one 10s. note, and that on her wedding day. Clerk: A wedding present!

## LONDON BREVITIES.

"Harvest Festival" is Prebendary Carile's topic this evening at the Monument Cinema Church.

A million shilling fund has been formed to clear off the debt of the Royal Northern Group of Hospitals.

A hostel for use by Indian students as a residence and institute was opened yesterday at 112, Tower-rd., W. E. Haydn's "Creation" (Part 2) will be given with full orchestra to-day at 6.30 p.m. at St. Clement Danes Church, Strand.

A flag day will be held on November 1 in aid of the Printers' Pension Corporation's War Orphans' Fund, which is £14,000 overdrawn.

The annual dinner of the News-vendors' Institution will be held at the Mansion House on November 14, under the presidency of Sir Charles Wakefield.

Deford Borough Council, which already bears the risks of workmen's compensation, is to consider extending the scheme to cover third party risks also.

Mr. E. T. d'Yvencourt, the Marlborough street magistrate, is ill at his Lincolnshire home, and will be unable to resume his duties for at least a week.

On and after Sunday next the City and South London Railway will be closed for traffic on Sundays only, on weekdays the train service will be continued as at present.

On Tuesday evening, in the theatre of the Guildhall School of Music, the Lord Mayor's recital will inaugurate the Scout Theatre, producing a new music-play, "The Colonel in the Camp."

## THE TRIUMPH OF EMPIRE.

### DOMINION CHIEFS AT WEMBLEY. LESSON FOR MANKIND. ALL-BRITISH LUNCH.

Yesterday was a great Empire field day at the British Empire Exhibition, Wembley Park, where the Dominion Prime Ministers and delegates attending the Imperial Conference were entertained by the management of the exhibition, the Duke of Devonshire, the chairman, presiding.

Before the luncheon, General Smuts, Prime Minister of South Africa, laid the foundation stone of the South African Pavilion, the last of the great buildings to be erected.



General Smuts, the South African Premier, laying the foundation stone of the South African Pavilion.

The site of the pavilion is near to the huge stadium, and has an area of 200,000 square feet. This building will be representative of South Africa, and will contain a magnificent display of indigenous products.

General Smuts, in a speech thoroughly appropriate to the occasion, predicted that the Exhibition would demonstrate to the world the triumph of the British Empire in the arts of peace.

South Africa, he said, had overcome all those after-war troubles which still afflicted Europe, and was now marching forward in progressive development.

## GREETINGS TO THE PRINCE.

The Duke of Devonshire, after luncheon, read the following message from the gathering to the Prince of Wales, President of the Exhibition, and now in Ottawa.

"The Prime Ministers and representatives of the Dominions, India and the Colonies and Protectorates assembled at Wembley to view the progress of the British Empire Exhibition, send their hearty greetings to you, the President of the Exhibition. They miss you, and they desire to assure your Royal Highness that your message of hope that you may see many of your friends at Wembley Park next year is likely to be fulfilled."

The Duke, continuing his address, gave the visitors many details of the colossal scale upon which the Empire Exhibition was organised. He said that the Empire had shown the world its strength and unity in the great war, and now the exhibition would show that it was the world's greatest factor in the pursuit of peace.

Mr. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, a bright, youthful-looking, well-knit figure, spoke eloquently in reply to the toast of "The Visitors." The exhibition, he said, would show the British Empire in miniature. The strength and glory of the Empire were

not its uniformity but its diversity. The exhibition would be a great agency in uniting all parts of the Dominions and Colonies. They had seen the climax of the militant element in the world and the exhibition would show that the future well-being of mankind lay in the progress of peace, work and health.

**PATRIOTIC NOTE.**

General Smuts echoed Mr. King's statements, declaring that the whole world had sunk to a low level, but this Empire was determined to grapple with the task of reconstruction and development to the utmost. The exhibition would be a lesson for mankind.

It was interesting to note that these two Prime Ministers, both of whom sounded a very high patriotic note, spoke on behalf of large populations who are not of British stock and do not speak the English language. The majority of the white population in South Africa are of Dutch origin, while more than a third of the population of Canada are of French origin.

Mr. Ormsby Gore, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, stated that all parts of the Empire would be represented at the Exhibition, even the smallest and most distant islands.

He drew attention to the fact that the luncheon, which was served by Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., consisted entirely of British produce both in regard to food and drink. Most of the wines came from South Africa, as also did the brandy. He apologised for having taken a Havana cigar, and was asked what about Jamaica and Borneo cigars.

**BUSY DELEGATES.**

Other speakers at the luncheon were Mr. Massey, Prime Minister of New Zealand, Senator Wilson, of Australia, Maharajah Alwar, and Sir James Stephenson, acting chairman of the Board of Management.

During the week representatives of the Dominions, India and the Crown Colonies, attending the Imperial and Economic Conference in London, devoted many strenuous hours to the consideration of matters of vital importance to the Empire.

Mr. S. M. Bruce, the youngest of the Dominion Premiers, will also be the busiest over the week-end. He has refused a shower of invitations to public and private functions in order to deal with the mass of business flowing in upon him at his headquarters in the Hotel Cecil.

Mr. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Premier, is on a visit to friends in the country, while Mr. Massey, Prime Minister of New Zealand, remains in London.

Mr. Baldwin has gone to Chequers.

## BOILERMAKERS' HOPE.

### DELICATE NEGOTIATIONS MAY BRING PEACE.

Peace, it is believed, is at last on the way in the boilermakers' dispute.

A definite move will be made in a day or two.

This disastrous dispute has been in progress nearly six months, and has caused stagnation in the shipbuilding and ship-repairing industry.

Informal negotiations, in which Miss Bonfield, Mr. Poulton, and Mr. Fred Bramley are taking part are going forward, and Mr. Bramley hopes to make a definite statement on Tuesday. If premature announcements are made the delicate negotiations may be endangered.

The only certain fact is that the boilermakers will hold a national conference, at which the result of the mediation efforts of the Trades Union Congress sub-committee will probably be reported.

After their conversations with the employers the Trades Union Congress mediators will be in a position to advise the boilermakers as to the course that should be adopted to end the dispute on terms advantageous to the industry.

## POSED AS CARTOONIST.

Accused of having obtained £5,000 by pretending to be Mr. Rowland Hill, the cartoonist, Richard Harry Taylor, Powell was sent to prison for three months, with hard labour, at Salfron Walden yesterday.

FROM  
1st OCTOBER  
1923

From the 1st October, 1923, Savings Certificates of the new series can be obtained at all Money Order Post Offices and most Banks.

Certificates still cost 10/- each and now grow in value as follows:					
Value at the end of	a.	d.	Value at the end of	a.	d.
1st year	16	3	6th year	1	0
2nd	17	0	7th	1	0
3rd	17	9	8th	1	1
4th	18	6	9th	1	2
5th	19	3	10th	1	6

THE FAMILIAR ADVANTAGES OF SAVINGS CERTIFICATES ARE RETAINED.

- (1) Absolute security of capital and interest.
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16/-  
NOW

Savings  
CERTIFICATES

24/-  
IN 10 YEARS

Your War Savings Certificates and National Savings Certificates bought before the war should be sent in to the Post Office at the same time as the new certificates.

## HOME SWALLOWED UP.

### FIRST BRITISH WOMAN SURVIVOR OF EARTHQUAKE.

Mrs. R. K. Henderson, of Yokohama, reported to have lost her life in the recent Japanese earthquake, arrived at Liverpool yesterday. She is the first British woman survivor to reach Great Britain.

Mrs. Henderson stated that she had a miraculous escape from death, and described how, after suffering terrible hardships, she had reached the American liner President Jefferson, in which she proceeded to Kobe. There she was successful in obtaining a berth on the Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Asia*, in which she sailed for Vancouver.

The house she had occupied in Yokohama for over sixteen years completely disappeared, together with her faithful nurse servants, who had lived with her ever since her arrival in Japan.

## MEN-OF-ALL-WORK.

Never Unemployed "Force" at Southend.

Southend's "handy men's brigade" is preparing for its winter offensive, and is composed of unemployed only, and almost every trade and profession, from gardening to "Varsity" scholarship, is represented in its ranks.

If a Southend householder wishes his chimney swept, a leaking pipe mended, a lawn rolled, or if a shopkeeper wants parcels delivered or windows cleaned, all they have to do is to phone the brigade.

Within a few minutes a capable man at the door. No job is too small or too difficult. Work is never found.

## NEARLY RUINED A FIRM.

When George Baines (18), a clerk in the employ of Messrs. E. J. Francis, merchants, of Union-court, E.C., was the Guildhall court, bound over, charged with stealing a quantity of wine, it was stated that for the last six months he had hidden under the floor four correspondence containing names and receipts, in consequence of which the firm's business had been nearly ruined.

## DRUMMER'S FUNERAL.

### VAST CROWDS ATTEND MILITARY CEREMONY.

The funeral of Drummer Ellis, whose skeletonised body was recently found in a wood near Aldershot, took place at Hull yesterday.

Military honours were accorded, the East Yorkshire Territorials providing the firing party, while the Leicestershire Regiment in which Ellis was serving was also represented.

Thousands of people followed the cortege from the home of the drummer's

**TOURNAMENTS**  
for Chess and Draughts begin to-day's issue. Full details in Page 15.

parents in Alpha-ave., Nornall-st., where also reside the parents of Lance-Corpl. Dearnley, accused of causing the death of Ellis to Hedon-rd. cemetery, where the interment took place.

The coffin, wrapped in a Union Jack, was carried on a gun carriage. Numerous wreaths sent by neighbours and friends, and six floral tributes from the Leicestershire Regiment, were placed upon the grave.

Mrs. Ellis, prostrated by the tragedy, is in hospital.

The hearing of the charge against Dearnley will be resumed on Thursday, when witnesses from Hull and Darlington are expected to attend.

## OSCAR BROWNING DEAD.

Rome, Saturday.

Mr. Oscar Browning, the well-known author and historian, died suddenly to-day at the age of 56. He had lived in Rome for ten years and was a familiar figure in the life of the English Colony, in which he interested himself to the last.—Reuter.

## A CERTAIN SAMENESS!

When leaving Ongar Congregational Church an official picked up a pair of gold spectacles. At a meeting the following night he discovered the owner and restored them.

The same glasses were lost by the same owner on the same spot, and found by the same person exactly six months previously.







START THIS ROMANTIC NEW SERIAL TO-DAY.

# LUCKY IN LOVE

The Enthralling  
Adventures of a  
"Beauty Shop" Girl

By BERTA RUCK.

## THE PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Marie Louise Threadgold is engaged at the establishment of a beauty specialist, and her fellow lodger is a Miss Davis, a dressmaker. The latter has urgent need of thirty-five pounds, and the problem is how to raise such an amount at once.

Mrs. Threadgold is anxious to help, but does not know how. She is sent by her employer to a wealthy client, a beautiful young lady, for beauty treatment, and is persuaded to procure this lady at a dance, the intention being a gift of fifty pounds.

A dinner at Charles's precedes the dance, and here Celia, as the heroine is styled, goes to lunch with Mrs. Threadgold, who knows and whose previous dealings with the lady she is to procure are unknown to her. On the side of her a guest dressed as a younger girl dressed as a countess of the old regime sits on the other side.

This latter was seen by accident Celia's tiny examination of the lady's dress, which is a relic of Marie Antoinette, and is greatly intrigued thereby. As all the guests are masked her name is the real Celia, and she is in a delicate and difficult position.

## CHAPTER V. (continued).

## That Divine Folly.

**R**ELIEVED that he had not asked me about anything more incriminating or difficult to answer I replied with perfect truth. "That boy? Why, I have always had him."

"Have you," he said, still holding the boy on his palm, still looking down at it. "Rather curious."

"Why curious?" I asked, defensively. I was glad the young man was apparently interested in the boy, rather than in the boy's owner. After all, he was not suspecting me. But I hoped he would not ask many more questions. "It's a question of an ordinary little eighteenth-century trinket. People in powder and patches used it to hold their patches. Made of enamel. Rather pretty, isn't it?" I held out my hand for it. His eyes followed it as it slipped it back into my bag.

"Quite pretty," he said; "why had it got into your bag?"

"Initials supposed to stand for Marie Antoinette, I believe. It belonged to her."

"I went on, becoming a little surlier. For every word I had said to my dinner neighbour was being drunk in, and the Fighting Ant across the table, and now, too, there was a lull in the conversation of the others. They had all been watching the little scene. They had all been looking to see what I had said."

"I said," Marie Antoinette gave it to me of her lady-in-waiting. At least that's the story. There aren't any documents or anything to prove it. So I don't suppose it would cut any ice at Charles's," I quoted Bond-street. But that's how it came to be in England, all right."

"How did you come by it?" asked the young man called Rufus, quietly.

"I? You speak as if I had stolen it. I assure you I didn't. I slipped it into my bag to-night because it goes with the costume. Besides, as a matter of fact, it is supposed to have a lock charm about it."

"A lock charm? Oh, what? Do tell me. I'm so keen about superstitions," exclaimed the Motor Man's girl eagerly. "What's it supposed to do, Celia?"

"It is supposed to make the person who carries it lucky in love," I answered. I had lost my grip for a moment and could not think of another superstition at an instant's notice. But I felt hot and bothered about this. I wished those people would get on with their dinner and with their various conversations.

But not they. This had started a hare. "Lucky in love? How thrillingly interesting!" exclaimed the Motor Man's girl. "I'm sure there is something in it. For Marie Antoinette; she had her pretty used dropped off, so you can't tell her lucky in the usual way, can you? Still they say the king, her husband, adored her. So he can count as having been lucky in love."

"Lucky? In love? There's no such thing, believe me," declared the French-farmer on the chief on who I judged to be about eighteen. "All through my life I've been dogged by the most poisonous luck."

He sighed deeply, and also deeply disappointed.

"Perhaps," suggested the Fighting Ant, "a curl of his lip, perhaps Celia's charm works by keeping people out of love. That's where they would be lucky."

"No, I say, no. If you're in love you're in luck," declared our heroine, who was now thoroughly convinced of the value of the lock charm. "It means you're fortunate enough still to be able to feel the touch of that divine love-romance. Nothing else is worth a hair's breadth in comparison. Nothing can compensate for its fading. Not money, not experience, not added culture or understanding, not being at the top of the ladder—nothing, nothing. All of you are too young and too foolish to understand that. Except myself and yourself, I have the added advantage of the Fighting Ant. And we, dear friends, are too old to do anything about it."

"It looks could kill I am sure she would have fallen down dead under the Fighting Ant's carefully polite smile. As for me, I was terrified at the thought that there from this type, I imagined Lady Portulic's. Imagine a well-proportioned, the sophisticated and smart Lady Portulic's talking in this manner about romance. To me it was something that anybody nowadays should not know before me. Certainly I didn't do that myself. Give me a decent home and enough to live on: give me leisure and peace and anybody else could take romance. I was not the romance-loving type. Or so I thought at that moment."

## What a Prince Should Be.

At this stage of the conversation we had reached the stage where my favourite among all the delicious fools that there had been on the evening's menu. Again I thought of what I should have been eating. Judging. For a very thing would have been out of a little taste. There of the tin taste of the fruit, and I was in a watery current that had never been an egg. To-morrow I should go back to that sort of food for the rest of my life. But never mind. This evening I was enjoying the wonderful feast of the evening. I realized that I was being a nuisance in this gathering. I did not know why any of these friends of Lady Portulic's were there. They were probably every one of them what formerly papers call "bachelors." As for the tall young man in the white wig and the bewiged old, who, as I had been told, would be Cinderella's best man, he might not be a prince, but he seemed to me just what a prince should be. He was good-looking, with natural manners. I was sure. I looked forward to dancing with him presently at the ball. Meanwhile I admit I liked sitting beside him, feeling him and knowing all the time that he was talking to a girl friend who was nowhere near him.

It was deception, but in what a good cause. Already Miss Davis must have got my note enclosing that thirty-five pounds. Already one working girl was relieved of a burden of anxiety. As for the other (me), I'd only three more hours of imperiousness, the savor, the coffee. That was all now left of the dinner.

Then two hours, say, of the dance. No difficulty there. I saw now—or thought I did—how it was all going.

None of these people here suspected me. From Lady Portulic's to the young man now fighting a cigarette beside me they were all convinced that I was Celia Scandale-Her. My neighbour turned to me. "I wonder," he said, "you never told me that story before."

"Which story?"

"That about the Marie Antoinette comb—no, patch-box."

"Lightly, I said, 'Oh, I don't know, Rufus. Perhaps I have told it to you and you have forgotten it. Imagine your never hearing such a little box.'"

He said, "I didn't say I had never seen it before."

"I don't know what he meant. The tone in his voice seemed to indicate that it was more than an old story."

I felt vaguely uncomfortable. Did he could be possibly have any inkling that I was not the girl whom I was supposed to be? No. If anybody suspected me it would be a woman. Men, who pride themselves upon being deceivers ever are, as a matter of fact, always more easily deceived. But here was Lady Portulic's herself, who had met me as Marie Louise Threadgold, who had spent hours bored up in the beauty salon under my hands and who might have been expected to feel that something was amiss. She had passed me.

So why feel nervous about the powers of observation of a mere young man.

Just as I was thinking this Celia's room, declaring that it was high time to embark in her barge. She had passed me.

The party of eight packed into two barges—that is, cars. I found myself with the Fighting

spoiling things by trying to talk when he is dancing. I thought that the young man spoke, bending his white-wigged head down towards mine.

"May I ask you something?" his voice came through the music-sliding of feet, the babble of voices, a favour?

"What is that?"

"I want you to give me back that little patch-box you showed me at Claridge's."

"Oh, I'm afraid I can't," said I, surprised that he should ask. "I'm sorry, but I must keep that."

"Good heavens, child! I wasn't asking you to let me have it for keeps. For one evening only I want it. He spoke so significantly that I might have been afraid it meant something—if I hadn't known that it couldn't possibly mean anything."

"Still dancing, I said. Of course, I don't mind lending it to you. But why?"

"I want to have it about me," he told me, "for the sake of the superstitions."

"What? You believe in that old tale about its bringing luck in love?" I laughed. "I shouldn't have suspected you of being so romantic, Rufus."

"You don't know me," muttered Cinderella's best partner (with perfect truth, as it happened). "Do you?"

"I found." "Don't!"

"Ah, you may know that my nickname is Rufus, my real name is Bill Somerset (this was news to me; could he but have guessed it), that this isn't the bit I go about in as a rule, that Lady Portulic's arranged it to see the very party you are wearing. You may know that I am twenty-eight and a bachelor, and that I am reputed to have a bee in my bonnet on certain subjects. But what else do you know about me?" I didn't answer. How can I?

He went on. "What can you know of the real me and of what I think and hope and feel—any sort of way to talk at a dance, isn't it? But I want you to listen, child. I want you to wonder about me. I want you to think, for some day you will want to know me better than anybody else."



He, the eighteenth-century young man, claimed me for the first dance.

Ant man, the Motor Man's girl, and my dinner neighbour Rufus.

A short drive through the London summer streets, the arrival at the steps of the Albert Hall. Through a sea of watching faces, faces of people collected there to see the dancing go in a burst and blaze of music, a riot of circling colour, and here was Cinderella at the ball.

## CHAPTER VI

## Cinderella at the Ball.

**Y**OU all read about the masked ball of that evening. I can't say I was particularly interested in it. I had been advertised on handbills and omnibuses, and next day there were pages of photographs in the illustrated papers showing the dream.

Later, indeed, I saw such a good one of the beautiful Celia Scandale as a French Court lady, with a friend as a gentleman of the Court.

He, the eighteenth-century young man, claimed me for the first dance, catching me up, as it were, and driving me off under the masked nose of the other man, who I was almost sure, would get that first dance. But the Fighting Ant was left white. I danced with the gentleman of the Court.

Such ages since I had danced at all that at first I felt a little nervous, but I might be too out of practice. But there are some things that once learnt never leave one.

Besides which—ah! I realized now why Celia had said that Rufus of the Telephone was Cinderella's best partner.

He was a perfectly wonderful dancer. Even in that masked and circling crowd of maskers he guided me so perfectly I felt as if he had the whole floor of the Albert Hall to himself. I felt that the delicious tune, the wonderful beat, the shafts of brilliant lights that played upon the shifting, interchanging masses of moving colour were not for ourselves alone.

And how I enjoyed it.

Yes, I enjoyed it. The evening had been altogether delightful. First from a critical point of view I had revealed in the thought that I was pulling people's legs. I had played up to the tall young man all the time at dinner. But here at the dance I found a simpler, tasteful form of enjoyment. For moments together I quite forgot that by rights I oughtn't to be there at all. I forgot that I was just carrying a pocket-windfall of money, understanding Miss Celia Scandale. I forgot to wonder any longer about the who and the wherefore. Just like the real Cinderella, I forgot every thing but the bliss of dancing on a good floor to wonderful music and with a perfect partner.

How delightful that the young man had

I didn't know the answer to this either. Also made me feel extraordinarily shy—sorry all at once.

He ought not to have been talking like this except to a girl who could take him seriously. But Celia took him seriously. She had said to me about this same young man. "He dances divinely but he and I don't think alike on any point."

I thought I might use this expression.

"I said, 'But, Rufus, you dance divinely, but you and I don't think alike on any point, do we?'"

"Yes," he said, "but I have an idea that."

Here interruption came.

The music stopped, the coloured whirlpools of dancers scattered towards the beams at the side of the huge, lighted and decorated cavern that was the Albert Hall.

## Lent for Luck.

Even as my partner's arm dropped, another of our party came up—the eighteen-year-old Celia.

"What luck to have got hold of you in this crowd," she cried. "Perfectly lovely! I'm going to find you in the early evening, when wherever they will be," he added, rather reproachfully. "The fellow in the Fighting Ant got up is simply foaming at the mouth—ah, I beg your pardon—this to some dancer whose way he was obstructing." "But it's a case of first come, first served, or do I mean findings keepings?"

"Answer, I can have the next, can't I?" I said he might.

"And what about my request?" took up the bewiged Rufus—"the mascot."

"I don't know."

"I asked in the pink card that dangled from my arm. 'Here is the box.'"

Rufus turned it into a broad pocket under his love veil. "Thanks. I will take great care of it."

"May I bring you all the luck you desire?" said I, sincerely enough.

"That's bad. Please wish that it may bring you the luck I want."

"Very well, if it is so different," I agreed. "I wish you to be as happy as I am, and to be lucky in love. Was it Celia? Was it another partner at the ball?"

"She's started again."

Before I knew what had happened his bewiged arm was once more round my shoulders. Before I could say "But I am leaving this with the Chief. Before the Chief himself could intervene, I was having the waltz with Rufus."

"And the next dance?"

"And the next dance?"

And the next dance because of the rest of the party. Every now and again in that form of broadness I caught a glimpse

of Lady Portulic's golden serpents or of the green ribbon that tied up the fuzzy curls of the Motor Man's girl.

The Fighting Ant I did not even see; perhaps it was as well. I danced on and on throughout the evening with Cinderella's only partner.

I was disgraceful, but what could I do? Every now and again I murmured, "You must dance with somebody else." "You ought to let me have this with one of the others."

He did not take the slightest notice; he just danced on and on.

Presently I said, "You ought to try the mascot's luck."

"How do you know that I am not trying it?"

"This I pretended not to hear. I only warned him. 'Well, at midnight I shall come and ask you for it back.'"

"Why?"

"I'm going home at twelve."

His answer through the music sounded quite determined.

"Oh, no; you are not. Going home at twelve? This isn't the Emperor's Room. No sleep till dawn. After which we are all going on to breakfast at Lady Portulic's. Why this eccentric scheme that you should go home at twelve?"

"If he guessed for one moment the reason!"

Obviously I said, "I'm going home at twelve. I'm promised."

"My dear child, you forget that I know there is only the faithful Harrison there to promise anything to get it back."

"That's nothing to do with it," I told him. "At twelve I go."

"Like Cinderella, eh?"

"Exactly."

"May we go to bed as early as I can because I have a very busy day to-morrow."

## Very Embarrassing.

"What have you got on to-morrow, Cinderella?"

"I suppose he would have thought I was crazy if I had told him the truth, and had raved off a long list of the clients whom I should have under my hands at Aphrodite's all day long to-morrow."

Appointments had been made for sunburn treatment, eyebrow darkening, manicure, special arm treatment, eyelash darkening—a thousand other jobs.

With a sigh as if of fashionable boredom, I said to the young man with whom I was still dancing:

"Oh, my book's full. I can assure you."

"Well, darling, and—(I carried the war into his country)—what are you doing?"

His answer was certainly unexpected.

"Working," he said, calmly.

"Working? How very likely."

Already I had summed him up as essentially of the class who tell not but only spin in fashion's giddy whirl, as the old-fashioned books call it.

At most he might be somebody's secretary. Conceivably he might stroll through St. James's Park to reach some office at eleven; to open a few letters, and to answer telephone calls about luncheon engagements. ("Hello? Yes. Ah, my dear prince, how charming of you!") and all that kind of thing. He would call that work. I looked up at the elegant, well-mannered young fellow as an aristocrat. I looked down at his hand in mine.

Here I had a slight surprise.

There are people who tell you that they look at hands before they look at faces. But I am not of those. I don't notice hands except when I am myself doing so. I should have taken it for granted that the hands of Rufus would have long fingers, well-manicured, faultless nails, that they would be as smooth and nearly as white as my own. That is to say, I thought his hands would be with his face.

Nothing of the kind. Now I came to notice it, it was rough palmed, with hard, sturdy fingers, and with nails clean enough but worn down as if with manual labour. It was the hand of a working man. Extraordinary.

He caught my inquiring glance at his hand. He gave a quick look down. Then he shook the inappropriate lace ruffle at his cuff well down over his fingers.

See are oddly vain in little details that crop up every now and then. I am sure his gesture down to his being ashamed of his hands was more elegant than the rest of him.

"Working," I said. "What do you mean by work?"

"You are full of questions, Cinderella," he said. "Supposing you ask me a few."

"Don't call me Cinderella. I found again. You know it isn't my name. Why don't you call me Celia?"

To which he replied—

"I thought that I didn't hear what he said. We were passing close to the band, and the music was with the cascade of cut a wretched noise. I would have drawn a word of command, but alone a murmur from one of the dancing partner. What he said sounded like these extraordinary words: 'I shall never call you Celia again. I shall call you Cinderella.'"

Then came the last chords of the tune, the end of the dance.

Again the breaking up of that rhythmic whirlpool of people into what looked like a mixture of coloured confetti.

"Caught. You don't escape me this time," cried a boy's laughing voice on the bandstand. Again it was the youthful Chief. "Mine is the next dance. Look. People are taking their masks off. Good. Really not uncomfortable things, masks, don't you think so?" He pulled off the cardboard and velvet hat that disguised his one right eye, and showed me a pair of blue eyes. "Thank you, Cinderella. I'm twelve o'clock."

"Twelve o'clock," I cried in a fright. "But my hands flew up involuntarily to my face. But I didn't take my mask off. That means I have got to be off. Good-night."

"Good-night?" I turned my back upon the Chief. I saw the young man in bewiged hair had been my only partner. Disgracefully I threaded my way through the fantastically dressed, mask-faced persons, Queen's Guard, Foot Guards, Grenadier Guards, and what-not. "Please let me pass," I begged to one after another of them as I pressed towards the entrance. I wasn't going to wait for my mask. I was simply going to bid Miss Harrison's cat that she said would be waiting for me. I was simply going to bid her to go and get myself driven back to the house in Knightsbridge, my good-bye to my brief crowded hour of glorious life, and my good-bye to the beautiful Marie Louise Threadgold, the mascot.

I reached a door, pushed at it.

Turning again, I tried the next door. I found myself one of the dancing hall and in one of those odious corridors.

People were streaming out into it. "Taking to my heels I ran towards the door, when the corridor seemed empty. I found the door was suddenly held up by a fresh group of people.

Voices cried, "Ah, here she is! Here is Celia!"

I found myself in the middle of the party with whom I had danced.

"Where are you off to in such a hurry?" demanded Lady Portulic. "Have you torn your frock, my dear child? Can I do anything?"

"Oh, no, thank you so very much," I gasped breathlessly. "I was just looking for you, as a matter of fact, to say good-night and thank you for the charming evening."

"Good-night? But you are not going?"

"No, I am. I must. I'm so sorry, but I am going home now."

A man's voice broke in not gently but very firmly. "No, you don't, Celia."

It was the Fighting Ant.

(To be continued.)

## REFUSED PICTURE.

## WHY TATE GALLERY DID NOT ACCEPT LAVERY WORK.

When Sir John Lavery's portrait of his wife was declined when offered by Lady Cunard to the trustees of the Tate Gallery there was a good deal of speculation as to the reason for the refusal.

Guessing has been revived by the announcement that the Guildhall Art Gallery has accepted the portrait for exhibition.

When the Tate Gallery trustees refused the gift great efforts were made by foreign art galleries to secure it. Among these were the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and the Luxembourg.

Sir Alfred Temple, director of the Guildhall Art Gallery, urged the claims of the less well-known museum in the heart of the City of London, and Lady Cunard agreed to present the picture to the Gallery.

That there was any mystery behind its refusal by the Tate Gallery trustees was repudiated by one who is associated with that institution.

He told a representative of "The People" that there are already several representative examples of Sir John Lavery's work in the Gallery.

"There is the portrait of Pavlova and a landscape of North Berwick," he said, "and the aim of the trustees is to show different sides of an artist's work. The portrait of Lady Lavery is quite a cleverly painted one and excellent in its way, but not markedly superior to the one which already hangs in the Gallery."

"Of course, Sir John Lavery may paint other pictures which would represent another side of his skill as an artist, and if any were offered to the Gallery they would probably be exhibited."

## THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.

## WEST OF EAG AND TOUR.

The Earl of Pembroke (Chancellor) and Mr. Reginald Bennett (Secretary) have just concluded a tour in the West of England on behalf of the Primrose League. Conference of Habitations were held at Barnstaple, Mr. Basil Peto presiding, and a public meeting was held at Truro at which Lord Pembroke and Mr. W. T. Lawrance, K.C., were the principal speakers. A conference of all Habitations in the County of Devon was addressed by the Chancellor at Tiverton, by kind invitation of Mrs. A. de Las Casas, of Worth, Tiverton, Dame President, and Col. Acland-Troyte, the Conservative candidate for the division and Hailing Councillor of the Tiverton Habitation. Excellent arrangements for the two gatherings were made by Mrs. Davy, Tiverton, Northam, N. Devon; Miss Paul, Treverton House, Truro; and General Hodgkinson, C.M.G., Bolham House, Tiverton.

Portsmouth Habitation.—A combined meeting of the Portsmouth Habitation was addressed by Col. Sir Arthur Holbrook, K.B.E., M.P., and Mr. Herbert A. Williams, Major Hants, 1. South Parade, Southsea, provided over a representative gathering. Mr. Arthur Holbrook said that during the past two years no fewer than 43,000 had joined the League.

Southampton Habitation.—A very pleasant function was held at Queen's Tower, Southampton, when, by invitation of Sir James and Lady Roberts, the Warden and Sub-Warden of the Ecclesiastical Habitation of the Primrose League met to celebrate the birthday of Mrs. Stovin, who has acted as Secretary for over thirty years. Mrs. Stovin was made recipient of several valuable gifts from personal friends and from members of the Primrose League.

West Brompton Habitation.—A successful social drive and dance was held in the West Brompton Conservative Club. An interesting presentation was made to Mrs. Dixon for long and faithful service. The presentation took the form of a badge and diploma. Mr. Whistler provided. Hon. Sec.: Mrs. V. Dixon, 20, Howard-street, Horton Lane, Brompton.

Edinburgh Habitation.—Interesting news took place at the hall of Edinburgh, Scotland, when, by invitation of Sir James and Lady Roberts, the Warden and Sub-Warden of the Ecclesiastical Habitation of the Primrose League met to celebrate the birthday of Mrs. Stovin, who has acted as Secretary for over thirty years. Mrs. Stovin was made recipient of several valuable gifts from personal friends and from members of the Primrose League.

Lytham Habitation.—A tele was held at Lytham, Lancashire, kindly lent by Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Clifton. Many attractions were provided. Major L. G. S. Melley, M.P., gave an address and other speakers were Mr. J. T. Clifton, Alderman, Mr. J. T. Clifton, J.P., and Mr. J. T. Clifton, J.P. Hon. Sec.: Mr. Fred Mayer, 33, Warton-street, Lytham.

Southampton Habitation.—This habitation concluded last week a series of educational outings. On this occasion the objective was Windsor Castle. All the arrangements were organized by the Hon. Sec. Mr. A. G. Robinson, 55, Plumstead Common-road, Plumstead, S.E.18.



## A message to wives

whose husbands are  
Nervous, Depressed,  
or Run-down.

You know how some days your husband returns home from business looking worn out and feeling depressed. If you ask him how he is, he will probably say "Oh! I'm feeling 'off colour' to-day, but I shall be alright in a day or two." Now—that is how illnesses often begin.

Depression—nervousness—irritability—are nature's warnings that the vitality is undermined.

Don't neglect these warnings. Get a bottle of

# WINGARNIS

The Wine of Life.

at once and insist upon your husband taking it regularly. You will be surprised—and delighted—to find how quickly Wingarnis will dispel the depression and promote new vigour and new vitality.

Over 10,000 Doctors have recommended Wingarnis, because it is the World's greatest Tonic, Restorative, Blood-builder and Nerve invigorator.

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